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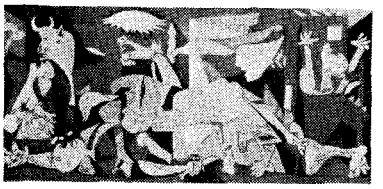

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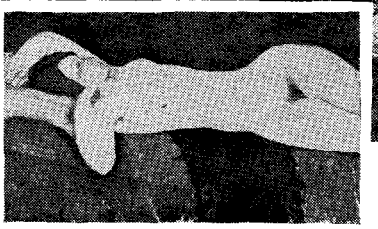

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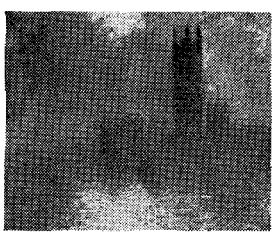

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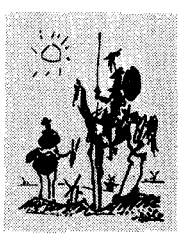

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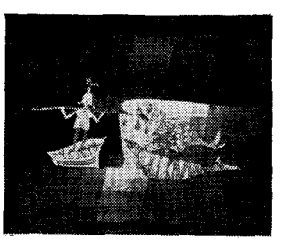

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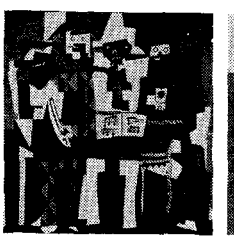

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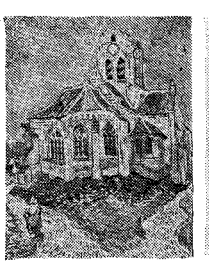

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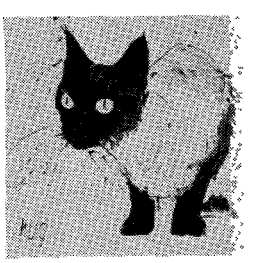

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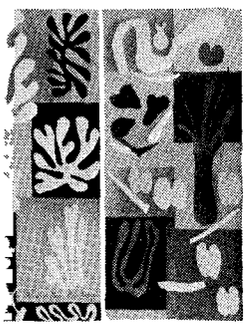

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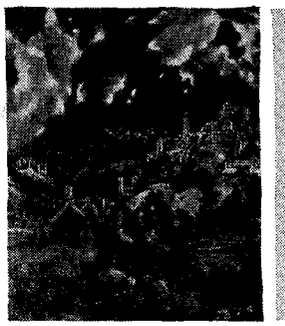

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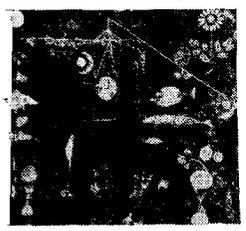

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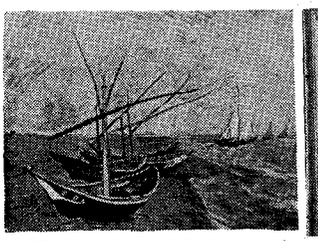

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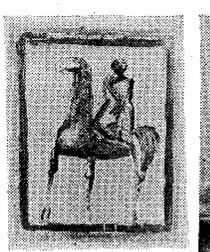

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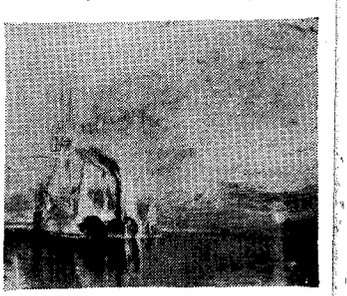

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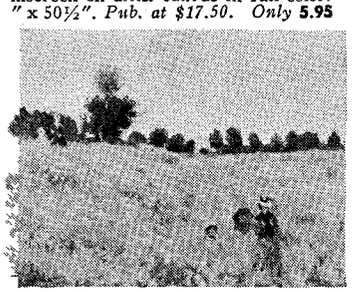

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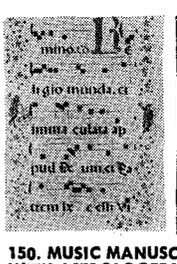

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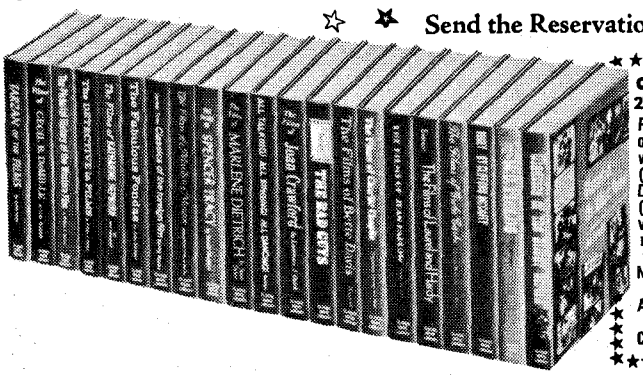

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T.R.B. from Washington

Pat Among the Minnows

★ If you dropped a goldfish into a tankful of minnows it would be as conspicuous as Daniel Patrick Moynihan is likely to be in months ahead. In the school of drab lawyers, bankers and real estate promoters that Richard Nixon is assembling for his official family, Pat Moynihan is a startling oddity.

Just the thought of the admirable Irishman in this congregation of cool fish boggles the mind. Washington will be a livelier place while it lasts, and he has taken a two-year leave of absence as director of the Harvard-MIT Joint Center for Urban Studies. Some think the stay will be considerably shorter. Mr. Moynihan observes himself that his first task is to "shut up." That feat itself is one to come running to watch and as contrary to Nature as its opposite would be, to hear a giraffe, for instance, (without vocal cords) speak.

Pat Moynihan is a passionate reformer, and a crusader for the poor. He also carries controversy as a boy carries a kite. Some men are born with the gentle art of self-publicity. Teddy Roosevelt was; Mayor LaGuardia was. Mr. Moynihan could recite "Mary had a little lamb" in Central Park and would probably be charged by somebody with inciting a riot. As Assistant Secretary of Labor he got out a report showing the decay of Negro families due to the poverty that grinds many ghetto units into the mold of matriarchy. It looked all right; it sounded compassionate; Lyndon Johnson drew on it in a celebrated speech at Howard University, June, 1965. And then all hell broke loose.

Negroes charged that it was patronizing. Southern newspapers denounced its reform proposals. The Social Worker Establishment saw its dogma challenged. Eager-beaver liberals with short fuses called him a racist.

Tall, blue-eyed, chubby-cheeked urbanologist Pat Moynihan reacted with the hurt feelings of a small child whose fingers have been slapped for trying to help. The Johnson Administration gave him the same mean look that the little boy got who said the Emperor had on no clothes.

He appeared before Americans for Democratic Action in 1967 (of whose board he was a member) to say "liberals must somehow overcome the curious condescension which takes the form of sticking up for and explaining away anything, however outrageous, which Negroes, individually and collectively, might do." Another storm! Bemused conservatives canonized him; militant leftists called him a Judas. And gregarious, mercurial, slum-born Moynihan, the man who said tragically after the Kennedy assassination, "you're not Irish if you don't know your heart's meant to be broken," went on to higher and livelier things.

The Poor Need Money

★ For example, he wrote a chapter for the paperback book, *Republican Papers* (1968), edited by Defense Secretary-designate Melvin Laird. And he said things that would crisp the hair of many Republicans. Primarily he argued that what the poor need most is money. Not social theories. Not makeup classes or political organization. The poor must have jobs and government should be the employer of last resort; he said there must be some sort of federal income maintenance and that "the best known way is through a family (or children's) allowance."

This is the man Mr. Nixon has picked to head a Cabinet-level Council on Urban Affairs, which is supposed to be the counterpart on the domestic side of the one Henry A. Kissinger will head on foreign affairs.

In a way there is a kind of logic about it. Mr. Moynihan doubtless feels he eschews controversy. After all, how did *he* know, when his publishers picked next month to bring out his new book that he would then be in the sub-cabinet? The book's title is mild, too, isn't it? – *Maximum Feasible Understanding*. It paraphrases the current welfare law requiring the poor to have "maximum feasible participation" community councils. With a forthcoming book like that who needs to speak?

Like Mr. Nixon, Pat Moynihan believes there is over-centralization the poverty program; that there is place for profit-making in harnessing industry to slum relief; that some theorists have been less interested the poor than in their own nostrums. But after that it is hard to see how Mr. Nixon will go along with the deeper Moynihan credo.

Family Allowances

★ The family allowance (Canada's "baby bonus") would cost an estimated $9 billion a year. Nobody knows how much government job guarantee would cost. What will the self-confident, self-made businessmen in the Nixon cabinet feel about the declaration that "what is needed now is strategy of *income equalization*" (his italics) or that social restlessness will continue "until the incomes of the poor are brought up to average levels"?

Mr. Moynihan will tell the Republicans that the US is the only industrial democracy without a family allowance that it devotes the lowest percentage of Gross National Product to social welfare of any Western democracy and that the biggest Republican liability is that the "party became associated with unemployment in the mind of the electorate."

One's jaw drops over Moynihan's seeming capacity to goad all groups while remaining one of the nicest men around – the John Birch founder has just warned Nixon against him and he has infuriated many liberals; his report on Negro families irked Lyndon Johnson, militant Negroes, Southern whites and welfare dogmatists – a high score for one try! Even as Mr. Nixon introduced him in New York over TV there was a funny scene as the irrepressible Pat intervened several times.

Let's see, he ought to appeal to clan feeling of fellow Irish; but no, in a magazine article last year he backed birth control and tactfully declared "a conspicuous streak of this kind of feeling (race prejudice) is to be found among a certain type of Catholic preoccupied with problems of contraception and dirty magazines to a point injurious to spiritual life."

This is a goldfish to watch in the Washington minnow tank.

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Goodbye, Mr. Rusk

What went wrong in Vietnam? Asked this at his January 3 press conference, outgoing Secretary of State Dean Rusk mechanically replied: "What went wrong was a persistent and determined attempt by the authorities in Hanoi to take over South Vietnam by force." That is his conviction and his cross. It is also an immense distortion. It ignores our initial collaboration with French colonialism, followed by Saigon's American-backed betrayal of the 1954 Geneva agreements that France accepted. It takes no account of resistance to successive Saigon regimes by indigenous Southern forces. But it is Rusk at his most Ruskian – a captive of the past, doggedly misapplying its lessons. During the Korean war, Mr. Rusk was Assistant Secretary for Far Eastern Affairs, serving under Dean Acheson. We may never know whether it made any difference that Mr. Acheson allowed the Koreans to infer, mistakenly, that the United States might not defend South Korea. But the error – if it was that – must have reinforced Mr. Rusk's view that the way to keep peace in the Pacific (and we are a Pacific power) is to make it unmistakable that we will fight. That has been his line. The peace has not been kept. Nor has the war that burgeoned in Vietnam made brighter the prospects for stability, not to mention freedom, in the years ahead. Our massive military intervention was not even in response to foreign aggression – certainly not to Soviet or Chinese aggression. It was in response to a bid by Vietnamese revolutionaries to take over South Vietnam.

The initiative was not Mr. Rusk's. It was Eisenhower's Secretary of State, John Foster Dulles, who chose to torpedo the Geneva Agreements, over the objections of France and Britain, our principal allies at the time. Dulles assured Congress that, as Senator Stennis recalled in 1966, "there would be unified action with other nations before we would move" in Vietnam. As it turned out, most of those "other nations" did not go along with us. The South Koreans did, and today they have 45,000 troops in Vietnam (there are still 50,000 American troops in Korea). But having seen South Vietnam flattened by 3,000,000 tons of American bombs, the others have stayed aloof. Only last week, Carlos P. Romulo, the new Philippine Foreign Minister, hinting that US military bases have become unwelcome in the Philippines, said: "After Vietnam, I do not think the American people will ever again consent to involving their troops in Asia. Thus, an American defense of the Philippines in the future is highly dubious." That is totally contrary to the moral Mr. Rusk expected the world to draw from our "commitment." In 1966, Mr. Rusk told the Senate Armed

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Services Subcommittee that "We are there to see to it that North Vietnam does not seize South Vietnam by force, and we will accomplish that result." He did not dwell on the price to be paid. He denied there was much ground fighting, though there were then nearly 400,000 American soldiers on the ground, which Senator Stennis called "a very serious drain." He took no note of mounting skepticism at home and abroad.

By March last year, however, the English conservative writer Peregrine Worsthorne, formerly a supporter of the war, had found it "really very difficult to believe any longer that those [napalmed Vietnamese] babies are dying for any very plausible purpose. . . . Instead of the Americans impressing the world with their strength and virtue, they are making themselves hated by some for what they are doing, and despised by the remainder for not doing it more efficaciously."

Bent on "deterring aggression" (and identifying as "aggressors" Vietnamese fighting Vietnamese) the persevering Mr. Rusk dismissed such qualms as these, as have others in the outgoing Administration. Walt Rostow this month gave *The New York Times* his version of "what went wrong." In 1962, he thought, President Kennedy should have poured into Vietnam 400,000 troops, or 600,000 or whatever was then the highest number possible, instead of merely raising the ante from 600 or 700 American "advisers" to 20,000 soldiers. Despite Romulo, despite everything, Mr. Rostow remains hopeful of securing "deep and multiple Asian involvement" in policing whatever arrangement finally comes out of Paris. He believes that "as a result of President Johnson's decision of 1965 to put in American forces, we have had a period . . . of very rapid social and economic progress in Southeast Asia." Presumably if more people had been killed sooner, progress would have been still faster. Progress on these terms is a despicable dividend.

The Congress, too, bears a large responsibility for "what went wrong." Senators Gruening and Morse, who alone voted against the Tonkin Gulf resolution that freed Lyndon Johnson of all restraint, are no longer on the Hill, and men like Senator Strom Thurmond are politically stronger than before. Two years ago, Thurmond audaciously suggested that Rusk and McNamara weren't trying to win in Vietnam; even that Rusk shared the blame for the "stalemate" in Korea. "The reason we didn't win in Korea," Thurmond maintained, was that both the State Department and the Department of Defense were secret sponsors of "international socialism," and "projected socialism for this country," too. Rusk to his credit kept his cool, rejected those idiocies "utterly and out of hand" as "just not true." The way to win in Vietnam, Thurmond then pressed him, was to go all out. Rusk replied: "Senator, we can have a great war any five minutes we want it . . . knock out 300 million people the first hour . . . we have to try to find a reasonal and rational way to do what is required to stop a gression. . . ." At least Rusk opposed reaching f ultimate weapons and insisted on "keeping the nucle beast caged."

So now Rusk and Rostow and Johnson are o What comes next? It is too early for what Clark Cl ford calls "dancing in the streets." The sending Henry Cabot Lodge to Paris does not suggest that N Nixon plans a speedy windup of the fighting, thou it is precisely that which could send the Administr tion off to a flying start.

Lodge notwithstanding, we are mildly hopeful th the new President and Secretary Rogers and Hen Kissinger may, in spite of their right-wing incul manage foreign policy more expertly than did the predecessors. In order to do so, however, they an Congress and the nation need clearer notions tha have prevailed the past four years about this country international duties. To the end of his tenure, Rus warmly denied that the US was or could or ought t be the world's policeman. In practice, he often b haved as if the globe were his beat, and Congress ha not dissented. Rusk again pointed out this month, th the Congress has accepted "solemn commitments" t more than 40 nations in five continents. Allies t Rusk have been what God was to Voltaire: If the don't exist, it becomes necessary to invent them. A over the world, the United States has alleged "vita interests" to be safeguarded by alliances. Because o these alliances and treaties, there are 682,000 US fight ing men in Asia and another 250,000 in Europe. Sena tor Mansfield said on January 5 that the US has n "hard and fast commitment" to any Middle Eas country that is not a member of NATO. But a 195 resolution of Congress, never rescinded, agrees to th use of armed force to protect the "independence an integrity" of Middle East countries as "vital to the na tional interest." The intention, then, was to protec Lebanon and Jordan – against Iraq! A 1962 document signed by Rusk, identically affirms that Thailand's independence and integrity are vital to this country.

After eight years of hard labor in diplomacy, a Secretary of State is due more than "thanks very much and here's your hat," and perhaps history may be kinder to Dean Rusk than such critics as we. We don't think so. For to have made the outcome of a civil war between jerry-built governments in Saigon and their Vietnamese opponents *the* test in the sixties of American fortitude was a thundering blunder. And the most ironic epilogue that may be written is this: that the American people, finally grasping the futility of the sacrifices that have been made in Vietnam, will reject the very role Mr. Rusk has had in mind for the United States – responsible world leadership.

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Nixon's the One

The day when we must begin to say "President Nixon" is close upon us. A Harris survey finds 61 percent of the pollees confident that he will be a "good-to-excellent" President, 90 percent hoping and 69 percent expecting that his Administration will crack down on hippies, student, and anti-Vietnam protesters. Similar majorities hope and expect that he will put tidy government ahead of innovative programs; smaller but substantial majorities that he will simultaneously build up US military power and work out arms-control agreements with the Soviet Union. The national atmosphere of forebearance, of a willingness to give President Nixon his chance – indicating in our view a profound yearning to be done with the turmoils and divisions and disaffections of the Johnson years; to be done with *Johnson* – continues to work more powerfully for Mr. Nixon than anything he has said or done since he was elected. His few and generally empty statements, his Cabinet and sub-Cabinet appointments have a quality of protective grayness, as if they were designed to avoid a show of commitment to any principle, to any predictable line of action. They sustain, in short, the quality that dominated Mr. Nixon's campaign for the nomination and the Presidency.

There are breaks in the grayness, and interestingly enough they are on the minus side of the Nixon balance. The reasons why Walter J. Hickel of Alaska should and probably won't be denied confirmation as Secretary of Interior are set forth elsewhere in this issue. The word has been passed to Republican Senators that solidarity for Secretary-designate Hickel is to be *the* test of their loyalty.

Mr. Nixon's selection of David Packard, founder and co-owner of a major defense company (Hewlett-Packard), to be Deputy Secretary of Defense, is an offense against every tenet of public decency. Mr. Packard's abilities, his personal integrity, are not at issue. He has said that when he was offered the job "my first response was that I have an impossible conflict-of-interest problem." It is "impossible," so far beyond resolve that if he is confirmed the principle that public officials should have no financial interest in the welfare of the industries, companies, or other entities with which they deal may as well be forgotten. The principle is hard to reconcile, at best, with government's need for skill and experience at supervisory levels; it can be upheld only by reasonable compromise with actuality; and it is strained beyond need or reason when it is put to the extreme test of an appointment such as Packard's. A crucial third of his company's sales ($280 million a year) of electronic instruments is to the armed services and to other defense contractors. His stock holding, a controlling 3,610,000 shares valued at near $300 million, is too large to be sold without wrecking the market for Hewlett-Packard stock. He proposes to place it in a trust controlled by other directors and executives of the company in order – he frankly says – to protect the present management and to make certain that he can get the stock back in due time. He is a director of General Dynamics, builder of the flawed F-111 fighter-bomber, which Packard as Under Secretary may be called upon to continue or discard. He will quit that and other corporate and institutional connections if he is confirmed, but he has indicated in all honesty that his concern for the businesses, particularly his own, with which he is identified will not really end with the resignations.

What it comes to is that a man, however talented and motivated, with such a background and such ties simply should not have been designated for that job, and the fact that he was reflects upon both Mr. Nixon and Secretary-designate Melvin Laird. Their unexceptional choices for the three service secretaryships (defeated Governor John H. Chafee of Rhode Island for Navy; deputy NASA Administrator Robert C. Seamans, Jr. for the Air Force; incumbent Army Secretary Stanley Resor, the only senior Pentagon official so far retained), do not mitigate the impression generated by the Packard appointment that the huge defense-production complex will be treated very kindly in the Nixon years.

Another sub-Cabinet choice that should draw critical attention is that of J. Phil Campbell, Jr., Georgia's Commissioner of Agriculture, to be Under Secretary of Agriculture. Campbell is one of five long-time Georgia office holders who quit the Democratic Party and turned Republican in protest against one of the few wholly decent actions of the 1968 Democratic convention, the seating of Julian Bond's bi-racial delegation from Georgia. Nixon's chief Southern champion, Senator Strom Thurmond of South Carolina, said he urged Campbell upon Nixon. Congressman Neal Smith of Iowa, an author of last year's modest extension of the federal power to control meat quality, immediately tagged Campbell as a foe of that act. Under Secretary Campbell may fool us, of course, but as of now we foresee a dim future for desegregation of Agriculture's extension services and for the effort, never sensationally vigorous, to get surplus food to the black poor.

Loyal servants of past Vietnam policy – Ambassador Henry Cabot Lodge to take over the Paris negotiations, Assistant Secretary William P. Bundy to stay on briefly at State, respected career officers to become and remain advisors to the Paris team – are expected to implement whatever shifts toward the bases of a realistic settlement Mr. Nixon and his capable (in other fields) Secretary of State-designate, William P. Rogers, may have in mind. The chosen Under Secretaries,

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career Ambassador U. Alexis Johnson and Attorney General Elliot Richardson of Massachusetts, are valued respectively and no doubt rightly for their experience in foreign affairs and, in Mr. Richardson's case, past acquaintance and compatibility with Mr. Rogers. The fact that there is so little to be usefully remarked of these and indeed about most of Mr. Nixon's appointments perhaps says all that is to be said at this pre-inaugural point. "Nixon's the One," a campaign slogan ran. It may be remembered as the only relevant line from his campaign.

McCarthy Caprice

When Gaylord Nelson of Wisconsin cast his vote for Russell Long as Senate Democratic Whip, rather than for Edward Kennedy, nobody blinked. When Eugene McCarthy did likewise, the wrath of the faithful broke over his head. Why? Because clean-Gene has been for a great many people a unique symbol of bold defiance of old politicians and their ways.

Having been opposed to Long's selection as assistant majority leader in 1964, McCarthy supported him for reelection this year on the wildly implausible grounds that having made a mistake, the Democrats should stick to it. By which whimsical logic, Lyndon Johnson deserved another chance. This contrariness is as much a part of McCarthy as his never-failing refusal to lay flattering unctions on the public's soul. But contrariness borders on the capricious. And in voting for Long, McCarthy crossed that border. Happily, his loyalty to the chairman of the Finance Committee was unavailing, and Mr. Kennedy won, 31-26.

It was said that Kennedy offered the shadow, not the substance of reform. Kennedy has doubtless made a cautious entry into the Senate establishment (it is hard to imagine either of his late brothers garnering such a clubby post), but that is not at all to his discredit. Kennedy operates as an insider, but he is open to fresh ideas and influences and is disposed to stretch the limits of the possible. Long is not. Comparing the record of both on, say, Vietnam, the reordering of national priorities, race relations, or reform of Congress and the Democratic Party – Kennedy looks 10 feet tall.

In making this gesture of support for Senator Dodd's hottest defender, McCarthy has made himself seem precisely what he is not: a politician paying off for past and future favors; either that, or simply frivolous, or hung-up on Kennedys.

The choice of party whip is not something to rock the foundations of the Republic, or even the party, but it is not trivial either. In his often lonely campaigns last year, McCarthy described himself as the spokesman for renewal of the democratic process – an aspiration quite alien to Russell Long and most of those who were for him. As that spokesman, McCarthy has day-to-day obligations to those he promised not to let down. It is an obligation that he may now wish to relinquish, but until he does, it should override the rancors of old battles.

The Elusive Mafia

Organized crime, the nation's single largest business, has been under investigation by four separate agencies in New Jersey: a Governor's commission, a legislative commission, a grand jury, and a federal "strike force." The multi-pronged probe started more than a year before young William J. Brennan III charged in a speech on December 11 that members of the state legislature "were entirely too comfortable with members of organized crime."

The roots of the New Jersey Mafia reach back to the rum runners of Prohibition days, who found safe haven in hospitable inlets of the Jersey coast. When Mayor LaGuardia later drove the "tin-horn" gamblers out of New York City, they simply moved across the river. The empire of "Longy" Zwillman, one of the giants of the underworld in the Kefauver investigation, was built on gin and gambling. In 1955, Democrat Robert Meyner used proven "mob" influence in Bergen County to oust a Republican from the Governorship. Such charges have often been used as levers to dislodge incumbent politicians.

In New Jersey, as elsewhere, the underworld is highly political and scrupulously bipartisan. Several months before Richard Hughes's election as governor in 1967, state Attorney General Arthur J. Sills, touted as a possible Democratic heir (Hughes cannot succeed himself) proposed to the US Attorney in the state that a federal grand jury be set up to investigate Mafia influence. The attorney, David M. Satz, turned down the idea on the grounds nothing but a crop of Fifth Amendment pleas would be harvested. When the Republicans carried the legislature in 1967, they put organized crime at the top of their agenda, and Governor Hughes, hoping to steal their thunder, set up a Governor's Council Against Crime. The GOP legislators countered with a Special Criminal Justice Study Commission. Then, last September, at a hearing on wiretapping, two professors who had worked in the organized crime division of the Federal Attorney General's office testified that New Jersey was the most corrupt state in the union, which prompted Sills to demand that the Governor set up a state investigating committee to examine their charges.

William J. Brennan, III, a painfully honest man whom Sills had only recently talked into accepting a

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post as Assistant Attorney General, was appointed to lead the investigation to be conducted by a Mercer County Grand Jury. It was here that Brennan learned a great deal about ties between lawmakers and outlaws. What he did not learn, however, since he lacked the experience of Mr. Satz, is that it is possible to know a little, to sense much more, and to prove nothing. From the legislature, where every member was now suspect, the demand arose for hard evidence. The late Robert Kennedy was similarly plagued. The best Brennan could produce was that members of the legislature had served in a lawyer-client relationship with alleged *Mafiosi*. The Republican head of the legislature's investigating committee said Brennan's evidence had "absolutely no value whatsoever." The committee counsel called the charges "flimsy." The New Jersey American Civil Liberties Union termed them "irresponsible," "substantively unjustifiable," based on "guilt by association."

For Brennan, the irony must be excruciating. He knows that the mob muscle is big in New Jersey, but what good is that? He did not want to reveal any names, but was forced to do so by the legislative committee. He wanted to do the right thing in the right way only to wind up, in the maze of Jersey politics, charged with doing the wrong thing the wrong way. He ended up being the only man done in. Last week he was relieved of his duties as crime investigator. Attorney-General Sills set up still another agency "to root out all organized crime." And the gubernatorial election is set for November 4.

Hickel's Pickle

Wally Hickel, Governor of Alaska, Secretary of Interior-designate, and chief current political liability of President-elect Nixon, fits all of the usual criteria for his job but one. He is from a Western state (which had him one-up on Rep. Rogers Morton of Maryland, who had been mentioned for the position). He has dealt with Indians, the wilderness, and land disputes, though never well. So far so good. But Gov. Hickel, the nation's chief conservationist-in-waiting, is cool to conservation, and that has made him a source of worry to Richard Nixon. It is virtually unheard of for a new President to be deprived by the Senate of the men he selects for his Cabinet. The last time the Senate stopped a Cabinet appointment was when Lewis L. Strauss was recommended by President Eisenhower as Secretary of Commerce in 1959. And Ike had been in office for seven years at the time. Since 1869, when U. S. Grant failed to gain confirmation for Alexander Stewart as Secretary of the Treasury, no *new* President has had a Cabinet appointee rejected. It would be like Nixon to balance things off by nominating a genuine conservationist (C. Russell Train of the Conservation Foundation, for instance) as Under Secretary of Interior.

Hickel is a special case, and some Senators will attempt January 15 to discredit the man whom many Alaskans would love to send off to Washington, if only to get him out of Alaska.

Mort Sahl is particularly amused by one of Hickel's now famous aphorisms: "If you set water standards so high, you might hinder industrial development." Among Hickel's funnies (which include "A tree looking at a tree really doesn't do anything") this one stands out, because it so clearly depicts Hickel's values. When there is a conflict, as there very often is, between "people" (meaning, in most cases, "industry") and resources, Hickel is people oriented. Clean water does not take priority over thriving business. Trees are subordinate to tourists. Hickel has never stood near the summit of Colorado's Trail Ridge Road and looked out over miles of unpenetrated virgin pine and glacier. And if he did, he'd probably feel there was something wrong about an expanse of natural, undeveloped beauty which men could *do* something with.

The New York Times sent E. W. Kenworthy to Anchorage to check on Hickel and, in one of his long and thorough reports, Kenworthy explains away what critics have felt to be something "simple" about the Governor. Hickel, said Kenworthy, is stubborn, temperamental and "has a flair for getting headlines with epigrams that have . . . done a disservice to his real views." Several US Senators and their staffs don't look upon him with that degree of charity. Senator McGovern, for one, is very anxious to do in Hickel and plans some mean questions for the Interior Committee's confirmation hearings this week. John Holum, a McGovern staff man and son of Kenneth Holum, the current Assistant Secretary of Interior for Water and Power Development, is working on Operation Hickel. According to Holum, some Democratic staff members of the Interior Committee got together recently and concluded that "Hickel's the kind of guy who's likely to put his foot in it. We plan to be as well prepared as we can with questions, in the hope that he'll trip himself up."

Hickel should not be underestimated. He is said to be eager to take on the committee, and his coaches are trying to teach him how to answer questions in an acceptable manner. He can be relatively sure of the votes of Republicans on the committee, with the possible exception of Mark Hatfield, and although some Senators such as Frank Church who are not on the committee will be present to ask questions, Hickel will probably pass the test. His chances once the nomination reaches the floor are somewhat slimmer. McGovern, who is chairman of the Indian Affairs subcommittee, nevertheless expects confirmation and is

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hoping in that event to strengthen his subcommittee against the day the Secretary of Interior begins selling the Indians down a polluted river.

Some of the principal issues on which Hickel will be closely questioned are these:

Water. As governor of Alaska, Hickel could not meet the deadline imposed by the Federal Water Quality Act of 1966 to set clean water standards for the state. He won an extension but was not able to meet the second deadline either. He was not disposed to stop the dumping of ammonia and oil into Cook Inlet, the dumping into Alaskan water of sawdust by mills, oil from tankers, minerals from mines. The standard finally agreed to in 1968 has been continually breached.

Indians. Hickel, who will be custodian of Indian rights, last year led a successful attempt to prevent a small Eskimo co-op from selling salmon to a Japanese concern at higher prices than it could get domestically, while at the same time he favored sale of oil to Japan. The Department of Agriculture, OEO, and the state Community Action Program all had attempted to aid the Eskimos in their effort to get out of poverty (annual incomes $200). Hickel foiled their plan; the native salmon catch of nearly 9,000 pounds went to rot.

Oil. Hickel says he does not have a finanacial interest in oil. His attorney and trustee of his holdings refuses to disclose Hickel's assets. But as governor his appointments have reflected his friendliness to oil. Alaska's Commissioner of Health and Welfare, whose responsibilities include pollution control, came to his job from Pan American Petroleum. Hickel's Commissioner of Natural Resources, Thomas Kelly, is the son-in-law of an oil executive, and may become Director of the Bureau of Land Management.

Land. The United States owns almost all of Alaska's 375 million acres. Under the Statehood Act of 1958 Alaska may "select" 103 million acres from lands rich in oil and other minerals and vast expanses of wilderness. But the Eskimos, Aleuts and other Indians have ancestral claims to land which might be violated by the state should the Department of Interior suspend Stewart Udall's executive order freezing distribution of the disputed areas. Says Hickel: "What Udall can do by executive order, I can undo."

Parks. In his famous "first press conference" Hickel said he is for more national parks, but favors "multiple use" of park land. Grazing, hunting, skiing, mining come to mind. On July 11, 1968, Hickel was asked by Rep. John P. Saylor "Do you want to cut down on the size of the national parks up there [in Alaska]?" Hickel's reply: "Maybe not necessarily the national parks. We think there could be multiple use of the lands of some of the parks that have taken such vast areas." Saylor pointed out that that view is inconsistent with the law. Says Vic Reinemer, Senator Walter Mondale's executive secretary: "This illustrates Hickel's complete lack of understanding of a basic concept of resource administration that most any sharp high school child understands."

Senators Aiken, Metcalf, Muskie, Mondale, McIntyre, McGovern, Brooke, Proxmire, McGee, and Mansfield are among those who have expressed misgivings about Hickel. The aggressive opposition of these men and others (as contrasted to views of alarms for the record) might convince the Senate that what Nixon can do by appointment the Senate can undo by withholding confirmation. Hickel is not qualified to be Secretary of Interior.

DAVID SANFORD

Who Talks to TV?

The staff of the National Commission on the Causes and Prevention of Violence was at work last week on an interim report to President Johnson. "It won't say much," a staff lawyer working on it said. He and others drafting it were prepared for the possibility that the President would receive the report in silence, without releasing it for publication. The commission's final report will not be ready before April or May, and it will then be submitted to President Nixon, who presumably will regard it as one of the lesser bequests from the Johnson Administration. If for no other reason, however, than that the commission chairman is Dr. Milton S. Eisenhower, ex-President Eisenhower's brother, Mr. Nixon may be expected to give it a warmer reception than Mr. Johnson has accorded the products of two of his study groups, the Kerner riot commission and the commission on urban problems headed by former Senator Paul H. Douglas of Illinois. Mr. Douglas had wanted to release his report at a White House ceremony. President Johnson and key members of the Johnson staff refused to take his telephone calls, much less to arrange the desired ceremony, and the report appeared without Presidential fanfare. The violence commission's only publicized production to date, an excellent analysis of the disorders attending the Democratic convention in Chicago (*NR*, Dec. 14, 1968), was the work of one of eight task forces. Whether to indorse the task force's finding that the Chicago police bore heavy responsibility for these disorders is a hot issue within the commission – so much so that individual members have been instructed not to express their own opinions on that matter.

Anyone who attends the commission's public hearing – it has held 12 of them so far – or reads the transcripts is likely to come away with an overwhelming sense of futility. The commissioners are busy people, too busy to digest the mountainous data prepared by the staff for each hearing, and their questions generally show it. But this, and the impression created by it, may be irrelevant. The hearings are the froth at the

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urface of a massive exercise in social research, rang-ıg from campus rebellions to assassination (the com-ıission is President Johnson's response to the assas-ınations of Martin Luther King and Robert Kennedy) nd the racial disorders last year in Miami and Cleve-and. The quality and usefulness of the ultimate report vill turn largely upon the quality of this research and he extent to which a majority of the commission's nembers are willing to accept the conclusions of the awyers, sociologists, psychiatrists and other profes-ıonals on the staff. One indication of the scale of the esearch is the data dug out and now being analyzed ›y the staff dealing with the mass media and their effects upon human behavior. The staff has assembled ome 20 substantial studies and identified upward of 400 more studies with varying relevance. Although the media study includes newspapers, comic books, and movies, the focus is upon that monster of modern communication, television, and it is here that the commission can justify itself by highlighting the attitude of broadcasters toward their role in our society.

The industry's attitude, as expressed to the commission by the presidents of the three major networks and by numerous subordinates, is fundamentally that nobody knows what the impact is and nobody has ever proved that it is bad. There is no point, therefore, in worrying about it or harassing the broadcasters with criticism, complaints, and pressures intended to improve the total TV performance. As for the demonstrably high content of violent episodes in network entertainment programs, including programs aimed at children, the only industry-sponsored study of this aspect submitted to the commission argued in essence that it is a good thing – violence seen on the tube, this theory runs, releases tensions and drives that otherwise might be acted out by the viewers. President Johnson's former assistant, Jack Valenti, now president of the Motion Picture Association of America, deplored "a popular tendency" to sneer at the catharsis theory and urged the commissioners to take his personal word that it is sound. Dr. Lawrence Kubie, a Baltimore psychiatrist, was asked what he thought of the Valenti-TV notion that depicted violence, at least when held within undefined bounds, is a healing and constructive influence. "I think it's a hoax," he testified.

Nicholas Johnson, a Federal Communications commissioner who never tires of trying to bring his passive agency to life as an effective regulator of TV-radio, suggested in his testimony that an independent entity, free of either industry or governmental support and control, might usefully monitor TV, recommend standards for it, and sustain national pressures on the industry to meet the standards. During a discussion of this proposal with the violence commission's vice chairman, federal Judge Leon Higginbottom of Philadelphia, CBS president Frank Stanton said he agreed "100 percent" that "we are responsible to the people and we have to keep that in mind." Higginbottom: "When you say you are responsible to the people, who speaks for the people?" Stanton: "I don't think you have to have someone speak for the people. If people didn't turn their sets on, we would be very sensitive to that. . . . They can also speak to their local station and the station speaks to us and they speak to us in the mail."

Soon after the network presidents testified, NBC premiered a crime series called *"My Friend Tony."* Tom Donnelly of the *Washington Daily News,* reviewing the initial exploits of a criminologist turned police commissioner, his shaggy young pal Tony, and their penchant for rubbing out supposed criminals on screen and on sight, concluded that if this example of responsibility to the people is widely admired, the nation is in "bigger trouble than even the most pessimistic sociologist has dared to think of."

JOHN OSBORNE

Poland's Jews — The New Untouchables

Last year world opinion concentrated on the Czech crisis to the exclusion of what was happening elsewhere in Eastern Europe. That may be why the appearance in Poland of a new regime, whose anti-semitic ideology is a weird blend of Nazism and die-hard Stalinism, has gone almost unnoticed.

A young Polish journalist was recently advised by friends, "Find out who of your bosses are Jews. It won't be long before you'll be able to take over the job and the apartment of one of them. . . ." What his friends didn't know and he himself scarcely remembered, was his own Jewish ancestry. His non-Jewish wife and his children had never thought about it. The Polish secret police had. Instead of stepping into someone else's job, the young newsman was summoned to a meeting at his office. A doorman, with convictions for drunkenness on his record, accused him of having "Zionist sympathies." The doorman's testimony was supported by a truck driver, a cleaning woman, a cub reporter. Nobody rose in the accused's defense, not even close friends he had worked with for years, who came to him later to say: "You must understand, we had no choice, we have wives and children. . . ."

The journalist was expelled from the Communist Party, dismissed from his job, "exposed" by his paper as a "Zionist." Two months later, he and his family left the country, after renouncing Polish citizenship.

The UB (secret police) headquarters in Warsaw has a special "department for Jewish affairs," modeled

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after Himmler's. Its boss is Colonel Walichniowski. He does not deport Jews to death camps but only out of the country – to Vienna, where they're free to go anywhere they please. The UB is busy expelling prominent Jews from the Polish press and television, the arts and literature, the universities and the Communist bureaucracy.

It also hunts down much humbler people. Recently, an odd and pathetic couple entered an American consulate in a European country, seeking help. The man was almost 60, the woman in her twenties. Both were sickly and for all practical purposes illiterate, as were their four children. The man had been a factory worker in Warsaw. The UB decided he was a "Zionist." Dismissed, and with no hope of another job, he applied for and was given an exit permit.

Poland's anti-Jewish campaign has been going strong since the middle of 1967. It has been called a major weapon of the "Partisans" of General Moczar, against the Polish Communist leader, Wladyslaw Gomulka. But it has been eagerly taken up by people whose only ideology is personal advancement. Obscure bureaucrats want to head departments. Provincial writers want to be published by national magazines. Second-rate technicians long to run large factories. The struggle to get on is incomparably more brutal than in modern capitalist countries, since in a Communist society you have to be quite high up to be able to enjoy a reasonable standard of living. In the files of the "Jewish department," are thousands of names of persons whose jobs are coveted by "non-Zionists." A person who is himself not Jewish is still in danger if his wife or a near relative is Jewish. The UB files even contain names of people whose parents or grandparents were not "pure Aryan," as that term was defined by Hitler, Rosenberg and Streicher.

Wholesale dismissal of "racially unreliable elements" has emptied thousands of posts, which the Partisans have filled. By doing so, the Partisans add greatly to their following with people who rush to get on the bandwagon. The Partisans have tried to get rid of prominent Gomulka men on "race" grounds. They attempted to gain control of the Ministry of Defense by spreading the story that Marshal Spychalski, who headed the ministry, was Jewish, and that his wife or his sister had "fled" to Israel. Last spring, Spychalski was kicked upstairs to become titular head of state. The Polish newspapers carefully printed the maiden names of Spychalski's wife and mother and also of both his grandmothers, apparently to prove that none of them had a drop of "Jewish blood." Similarly, the UB probed the background of prime minister Cyrankiewicz's aunt, a woman in her seventies, in a seeming bid to discover whether Cyrankiewicz had some non-Aryan ancestors.

About a week before the Polish Communist Party congress last November, General Moczar, then visiting Moscow, was told that the Kremlin wouldn't agree to his assuming power in Poland, and would continue backing Gomulka. That was less than three months after the Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia, in which affair the Kremlin's most loyal ally was Gomulka. The Gomulka clique has been unable to stem the Partisan advance, but it did convince the Russians that Moczar's Nazi-Stalinist brand of Polish chauvinism is very dangerous to Soviet supremacy in Eastern Europe. The Gomulka faction's biggest asset now is Soviet support. The extent of that support was convincingly demonstrated in December, when a member of the ruling Gomulka faction, Stefan Jendrychowski, became Minister of Foreign Affairs – a post vacant since the former minister, Adam Rapacki, refused to let Polish troops participate in the invasion of Czechoslovakia. Rapacki also opposed the Partisans, and Moczar had a candidate ready to take Rapacki's post: Karol Sidor, the former ambassador to Cairo, and an Arab specialist who has convinced Moczar that anti-semitism at home should be matched by an anti-Israel foreign policy. The Polish government took the Arabs' side in the Middle East war in the summer of 1967, and obedient Polish newspapers print daily such headlines as "New Outrages By Israeli War Criminals."

As well as controlling the UB's "Jewish department," Moczar's Partisans have an agency patterned on Goebbels's propanganda ministry. Called *Interpress*, it employs 400 people. Their triple task is to wage verbal war on "American imperialism," "West German revenge-seekers" and "Zionist aggressors," who are said to be closely allied. Even the defense minister, though he is a Gomulka man, finds himself obliged in almost every speech to refer to "the Zionist danger," though it is hard to see how the Zionists menace a country of 32 million people, situated between Germany and Russia, with a 300,000-man army – and relatively very few Jews, thanks to Hitler.

The appointment of Jendrychowski to head of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs was a blow to Moczar administered by Gomulka with Moscow's approval. It may have prevented an imminent purge of Polish diplomats with "Zionist" wives. Diplomats who had been marked by the Partisans for purging included the ambassadors to Washington, London and the United Nations. The ambassador to London, Jerzy Morawsky, was actually expelled from the Communist party organization within his own embassy, but got his party membership back when he rushed to Warsaw and complained personally to Gomulka.

The struggle is not over. Gomulka and his lieutenants hold key posts and are still a majority in the ruling Politburo; but no longer in the Central Committee of the Polish Communist Party, which is under the control of Moczar and his chief ally, Edward Gierek, the boss of Silesia. Moczar and Gierek also control

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the secret police, a number of provincial party organizations, most of the armed forces, and many economic groupings. Though the present top Soviet leaders prefer Gomulka, the heads of the Soviet secret police and Soviet intelligence are believed to favor Moczar, as do some Soviet military leaders, particularly those in the political department of the Red Army, headed by General Yepichov. Indeed, the duality of power in Poland, part belonging to Gomulka and part to Moczar, is regarded by some Kremlinologists as an indication that more than one center of decision exists in Moscow.

In Poland, meanwhile, conversation is dominated by incredible questions, such as: "Is Eva Kirchenstein [the Polish Olympic champion] a Zionist?" "Should we permit the showing of a movie whose star has become a Zionist?" "Can the Party trust members whose wives are Zionists?" PHILIP BEN

The Other War

Whites against Blacks In Vietnam

Danang

Camp Tien Sha looks like an expensive summer camp. Rows of freshly-painted barracks, neatly set off by white picket fences, are linked by graveled footpaths. There are four clubs, a cavernous cinema, a large outdoor swimming pool near a magnificent gymnasium, volleyball and tennis courts. The seashore lies nearby. For Camp Tien Sha's 10,000 land-tied seamen, who funnel supplies through Danang to First Corps battle areas, the fighting war is a comfortable piece down the road.

"Tien Sha is definitely not the bush," says sailor G. L. Stanley, 22, a Negro from Milwaukee. "It's more like the real world." So much is it like the "world" – GI slang for the US – that the camp's biggest threat is race riots, not Vietcong. The assassinations of Martin Luther King and Robert Kennedy, the Black Power movement at home and disenchantment with the war have kindled black militancy in Vietnam. Past favorable publicity about integration of US troops here has shimmered and disappeared like paddy water under a tropic sun. Increasingly, blacks in Vietnam salute each other with the upraised clenched fist of Black Power. Bitter disputes have flared in some units over whether service regulations permit Negroes to affect Afro-style haircuts. Fights between black and white servicemen, the behind-the barracks variety never officially reported, are on the rise. Says Stanley: "The brothers are just fed up."

The new militancy triggered a series of weekend grievance meetings and demonstrations at Tien Sha several months ago. About 100 black sailors, soldiers and Marines from the Danang area gathered in a deserted storage area at the base. The Negroes charged the Navy and Marines with discrimination in promotions, job transfers and hazardous duty assignments. There were complaints of widespread racial slurs in military facilities. (A mild sample of bathroom graffiti at Danang Navy headquarters: "I wouldn't compare a gook to a nigger.") Another major gripe sharpened on racial discourtesy by white servicemen. "In the service you're supposed to give your buddy a ride if he's walking," explained a militant. "But many Caucasians won't pick blacks up. Instead they may yell, 'Hey nigger!' as they drive by." After the first protest meeting, the blacks marched on Tien Sha headquarters in a peaceful demonstration.

Another gathering erupted in a fight between whites and blacks. "As our session ended two white guys stopped and asked what we were doing," says Ronald Washington, 20, an athletic UCLA dropout who plans to join the Black Panthers when he leaves Vietnam. "We told them to leave but they yelled 'black motherfuckers' and threw rocks. So 12 blacks caught them and did a job." More whites joined the fray. The base commander arrived to break up the riot. But he was threatened and prevented from interfering by a militant armed with an M-16 rifle. Washington talked the Negro into surrendering his weapon. The crisis over, the white commander then listened to the Negroes' complaints.

Several days afterwards, racial incidents occurred at the nearby China beach recreation area and in Danang clubs and dining halls. A Negro disarmed and beat two Navy guards at the beach. Nine Negro Marines and soldiers were later arrested. Next night a black security guard was killed near a dining hall. Navy officials reported that he was shot accidentally by another enraged Negro who had disarmed two military policemen and fired several shots inside the mess hall. The shooting prompted month-long restrictions on sailors in the Danang area. The Navy command prohibited alcoholic beverages at all naval installations and closed Tien Sha to everyone except seamen. Few sailors were given authorization to use the beach recreation center. The Navy also appointed a senior black enlisted man to monitor racial complaints. Integrated civil rights committees were established in each naval detachment to head off trouble. But Tien Sha's militants remain active and implacable. Many sneer that the black mediator is an Uncle Tom. The civil rights committees haven't yet proved their worth. "Nothing has really changed," says Washington bit-

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terly. "I wish now I had let that brother blow the base commander's head off."

Racial troubles have boiled over elsewhere in Vietnam. On the day of national mourning for the assassinated Martin Luther King, while patrol boats in the Cam Ranh Bay harbor flew flags at half mast, a Confederate flag was hoisted in front of Navy headquarters. The following month at Can Ranh, two white sailors burned a 12-foot-high cross near a barracks partly occupied by Negroes. The sailors were apprehended, but Negroes asked that they not be punished. Shortly afterwards, up the coast at Quinhon, a bloody brawl between blacks and whites broke out in an Army enlisted men's club The war's worst race riot occurred last August at the Long Binh Detention Center, South Vietnam's version of Fort Leavenworth, 19 miles north of Saigon. Racial pressures mounted at the Long Binh jail for months before the explosion. Negroes made up more than half the 720 prisoners jammed into the stockade, which had been built to hold 400. Weeks before the riot two blacks killed a white fellow prisoner. Little was done, however, to blunt the growing tensions.

One night after a party of pot, amphetamines and kool-aid, a gang of black prisoners attacked white inmates, screaming: "Kill the chucks!" The blacks overpowered prison guards and set fire to a number of buildings. They clubbed a white prisoner to death with a metal bunk adapter and injured 60 more, including the stockade commander. When guards regained control, they locked 220 black rioters into a barbed wire-enclosed section of the stockade. Unable to identify the militants because fire had destroyed all records, the guards waited patiently for the blacks to capitulate. Some of the Negroes put on war paint, turbans and African-style robes; others beat out jungle sounds on oil drums. A few rebels held out more than three weeks. Sensitive to the civil rights issue at home, the Army brought only 15 of the rioters to trial. Although 13 of them were charged with mutiny – Vietnam's first case – and two with murder, none was given capital punishment.

Neither Long Binh's prisoners nor Tien Sha's sailors, of course, are representative of most Negroes serving in Vietnam. The majority of Negroes are in front-line units. They make up an estimated 20 percent of combat troops and 25 percent of elite units, while representing only 12 percent of the total US forces in Vietnam. Negroes also account for 14 percent of all battle casualties. Close living, strict discipline and common danger have cemented friendships between whites and blacks in field units. "When you drink out of the same canteen and eat off the same spoon, you get real tight together," says a Negro paratrooper of the 173rd Airborne Brigade. A black Marine gives race relations in his unit the highest mark: "We screw the same bar girls." But away from battlefields, the cement of foxhole integration crumbles easily. "What happens to us in Vietnam is no different than what happens daily in the United States – except for combat," says a Negro Army lieutenant colonel. "The threat of death changes many things, but comradeship doesn't last after you get to the village." Negroes in units larger than battalions – which are the basic field unit – stick together like Harlem brothers. Black groups segregate themselves in clubs and dining halls. All major US enclaves have Negro-only clubs or their fringes, from combination whorehouse and truck-wash emporiums outside Danang to bars on Saigon's waterfront.

While old habits and white prejudice account for a portion of the war's segregation, some of it is actively sought by militants. Self-imposed segregation is one of the few acts of belligerence possible for militants under the sturdy discipline of military service. They say their rebellion is not against the armed forces (which most Negroes agree, for all its faults, is the most thoroughly integrated major facet of American life), but against US society. "A year ago most black GI's were grateful for the chance to share a white man's foxhole," says Wallace Terry of *Time*, the only Negro among 200 accredited US journalists in Vietnam. "But today many black GI's have become advocates of black power and want no part of a white US war. The reason is not that we are losing the war here, but that we are losing the one in the ghettos of America."

Until recently, most Negro soldiers, like their white counterparts, were unable to give a clear reason why they should be in Vietnam. But observers here have noted that in the past few months many blacks are quick to announce why they *shouldn't* fight in Vietnam. "I don't see why I should have to come here to die," says a black 4th Division soldier near the Cambodian border, "to give people freedom I ain't even got at home."

Predictably, the official military reaction to growing black militancy has been to ignore it. "There's only one color here," says an Army officer briskly, "and that's olive drab." Officials at first tried to portray the Long Binh riot as "just a fight between inmates." when publicity forced the Army to admit the race riot, an official report listing its causes gave low priority to racial unrest and the influence of militants.

Observers here predict further racial trouble, especially if negotiations in Paris bring a slowdown or ceasefire to the war. For unless US forces are swiftly pulled out after a standdown, many battle-tough field units probably will move to garrison areas like Camp Tien Sha, where living conditions are more like the real world. Then the US command may have to deal with a new guerrilla war – between whites and blacks.

ZALIN B. GRANT

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The Irrepressible World Revolt

by Lee Benson

Barring nuclear war, the 1968 worldwide revolt for autonomy and against authoritarianism not only will continue but will accelerate during the 1970's.

In the US, that revolt expressed itself most powerfully, and prophetically, in the movement that made Senator McCarthy its symbolic leader and President Johnson its enemy. But almost everywhere last year, the "power elites" experienced angry challenges to their authority and contemptous denials of their legitimacy. This "global unrest," wrote Saville R. Davis in *The Christian Science Monitor*, was symptomatic of:

> ". . . a world trying to become young. In the capitalist West and the Communist East and the underdeveloped South, people are revolting politely or impolitely against the systems that have been handed down to them.
>
> "The students, or at least the more thoughtful among them, have produced a word for it. They want 'participation.' They want to take part in the big decisions that affect their lives. They don't want their orders merely handed down to them – by parents or employers or politicians who represent some established order and try to impose it on their underlings. . . .
>
> "In a word: Power has been traditionally exercised from the top down, whether it dealt with nuclear weapons, politics, the community, or the family. The people of the modern age seem to have decided this is too arbitrary."

On December 15, 1968 *The New York Times* reported that middle-class Catholic laymen had been joining the "2-year-old Revolt by Local Priests" against the "authoritarian rule" of the 77-year-old Archbishop of San Antonio, the Most Rev. Robert E. Lucey. The report began on this arresting note:

> " 'We're headed for a more democratic church, one that belongs to the people.'
> "The speaker was Joe Bernal, a dapper 42-year-old Mexican-American State Senator who is part of a grassroots revolt that is seeking to bring about radical changes in the style of government of the Roman Catholic Archbishop of San Antonio."

Both the priests and the laymen, the report continued, are demanding a greater role in church governance. "Both [groups] are also becoming increasingly impatient with what they regard as a contradiction between the authoritarian ecclesiastical traditions of their church and the current secular movement for human rights." The report concluded by quoting Msgr. Martin, chairman of the fact-finding board appointed by Archbishop Lucey:

> " 'The church will never be the same,' he said. 'Twenty years ago we priests were pawns on the board, but now there is a realization that people have rights. Even an institution that we would claim is divinely instituted cannot deprive people of their personhood.' "

Impressed by the Pandora-like box of troubles opened by the Second Vatican Council, which ended in 1965, *Life* magazine sounded this variant on the theme:

> "All major sources of authority seem to have rebellions on their hands – universities, parents, US law, the Russian Communist party, and now even the Roman Catholic Church, to name a few. A general question arises: once such an authority is

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seriously challenged or even undermined, how can it re-establish itself?"

Now, a self-styled "realist" might dismiss such quotations as superficial observations rhetorically escalated. "Take Czechoslovakia," he might say. "By December, where had all the flowers gone? Where was the springtime missionary ardor inspired by the 'truth-spreading raids' of pre-Reformation Hussite 'field armies?' Did Alexander Dubcek continue exultantly to proclaim, 'We want to play our role in making socialism more appealing for the whole world'? The whole world was watching Czechoslovakia – as it had watched Chicago in late August. But did the spectacle look the same in the wintry light of December as in the warm sunshine of May?"

To ask these questions, realists contend, is to answer them. And not only for Czechoslovakia. At year's end, did not the established order stand essentially unchanged everywhere? How can 1968 compare, the realist says, with such a genuinely historic year as 1848 when, to quote Eric Hobsbawn:

> "Almost simultaneously revolution broke out and [temporarily] was in France, the whole of Italy, the German states, most of the Hapsburg Empire and Switzerland [1847]. In a less acute form the unrest also affected Spain, Denmark and Rumania, in a sporadic form Ireland, Greece and Britain. There has never been [as of 1962], anything closer to the world-revolution of which the insurrectionaries of the period dreamed than this spontaneous and general conflagration. . . . What had been in 1789 the rising of a single nation [France], was now, it seemed, 'the springtime of peoples' of an entire continent."

But the "realistic" assessment just sketched, is not realistic. Admittedly, in the short-run, the revolutions of 1848 brought about greater political changes than the rebellions of 1968. But several considerations negate the force of that admission.

For one thing, the 1848 revolutions affected only part of one continent, Central and Western Europe. For another, they primarily were restricted to attacks upon governmental institutions and, to a more limited extent, economic institutions. Other major institutions – the family, churches, universities, voluntary associations – remained essentially untouched. Finally, most of the reforms proclaimed in 1848 either never were implemented or were cancelled by 1852. Reaction set in, the revolutionary rhythm was broken, disillusionment spread widely.

I predict that the rhythm of the 1968 revolt will continue essentially unbroken during the 1970's. Temporary reverses or consolidations doubtless will occur in some places, particularly where ultraleftists manage to snatch defeat out of the jaws of victory. But general reaction and disillusionment *à la* 1848-1852 will not set in. Out of fashion during the 1950's, Utopi again are on the agenda everywhere; they will rema there. The permanent revolt against anti-humanist institutions and modes of conduct and thought is her Only in societies that have experienced great humili tions from foreigners, however, is it likely to tak that form of sustained revolutionary violence adv cated by Mao's "Great Cultural Revolution" or Ca tro's contemporary version of Babouvism (ultra-lef wing communism).

In short, I see the worldwide revolt of 1968 as hav ing given irreversible impetus to what Dr. Glenn Se borg, Nobel Prize winner and chairman of the Unite States Atomic Energy Commission, recently foreca as "the dawn of a new scientific era, a scientific-hu manistic era, a 'quiet revolution that will prevail simply because it speaks a prevailing truth'."

To demand that human institutions be constructe or reconstructed so as to enable everyone to "do hi own thing" – the central premise underlying and link ing the 1968 anti-bureaucratic and anti-authoritaria revolts – is to restate in contemporary idiom the radi cal prophetic element of Renaissance humanism namely, the belief that men ought to choose and prac tice life styles compatible with their own nature aptitudes and constitutions. As Montaigne later state the Renaissance formula for the prevention of aliena tion, "the greatest thing in the world is to know hov to belong to oneself."

Humanistic individualism must not be confuse with that egoistic individualism that sees the worl as a jungle in which atomistic individuals (or interes groups) live by the philosophy: "It's all right, Jack," and as for you, "well, sorry 'bout that." Erasmus, fo example, cherished his autonomy. But he did not se himself as pitted against other men in a series of ego istic struggles. On the contrary, he emphasized th harmony of interest among self-determined individ uals and justified doing his own thing on social rathe than egoistic grounds. The welfare of society was bes served, he maintained, when social institutions facili tated men's making right use of their distinctive gifts or talents. "Human happiness depends mainly on this," he observed, "that everyone should apply himself to that for which he is naturally fitted."

But in a world that lacked modern science and tech nology, humanistic individualism could function only as prophecy, not program. Since the sixteenth century, however, an increasingly direct and dynamic interaction has linked the principle of self-determination and the process of modernization that has transformed the world. And by modernization, I mean "the process by which historically evolved institutions are adapted to the rapidly changing functions that reflect the unprecedented increase in man's knowledge, permitting control over his environment, that accompanied the

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scientific revolution." (C. E. Black, *The Dynamics of Modernization.*)

The events of 1968, I believe, have undermined the assumptions of the ideology developed after World War I by Max Weber, Roberto Michels, George Orwell, Aldous Huxley, Reinhold Niebuhr, and other latter-day secular or theological Augustinian pessimists. Weber, Michels and Orwell based their predictions about the consequences of modernization on a skewed sample of early twentieth-century returns. That modernization brings agony doesn't need demonstration. The terrible wars of the 16th and 17th centuries, the even more terrible wars and bureaucraticized "purges" of the 20th century, indicate how difficult men find the process of adapting "historically evolved institutions" to "rapidly changing functions." But 1968 suggests that Weber, Michels, and Orwell were wrong when they mechanically extrapolated some bureaucratic and authoritarian tendencies into all-embracing inevitabilities.

From the downfall of Stalinist Party Secretary Novotny of Czechoslovakia in January to the forced "abdication" of President Johnson in March, to the near overthrow of President de Gaulle in May, to the resignation of President Kirk of Columbia University in August, to the outcries of Pope Paul VI against the increasing defiance of his authority by bishops and priests and laymen in December 1968 – all these have exposed the fallacies in Orwell's prediction that men are doomed to life on a 1984-style Animal Farm, and in Michels's prediction that democracy is impossible due to the organizational needs of political parties in modern societies "and the ineluctable tendencies of human psychology."

Characterized by Stuart Hughes as "the most cosmopolitan of the leading intellectuals of the early twentieth century," Michels thought that:

> "The psychology of the crowd is fairly the same in the socialists and the nationalists, in the liberals and the conservatives. In group movements, with rare exceptions everything proceeds naturally, and not 'artificially'. The fact that the people follow their leader is quite a natural phenomenon. 'To use the term exactly' Rousseau has said, 'there has never existed a true democracy, and none can ever exist. It is against natural order that the great number should govern and that the few should be governed.' Our consistent knowledge of the political life of the principal civilized nations of the world authorizes us to assert that the tendency toward oligarchy constitutes one of the iron laws of history, from which the most democratic modern societies and, within those societies, the most advanced parties, have been unable to escape."

On November 14, 1968 in Moscow, Pyotr G. Grigorenko, a former major general of the Soviet army, refuted Michels's "iron law." Standing over the open coffin of one of his comrades (the writer Aleksei Y. Kosterin), he denounced the "totalitarianism that hides behind the mask of so-called Soviet democracy."

Kosterin had repeatedly charged that Stalinism was returning to the Soviet Union. As a result, despite his membership for 52 years in the Communist Party, he had been expelled from it and from the Union of Soviet Writers shortly before his death. Grigorenko accused the men responsible for Kosterin's expulsion of responsibility for his death and pledged himself and the other 300 mourners around the coffin to fight "the damned machine" against which his comrade had struggled.

> "In farewells, it is usually said, 'Sleep quietly, Dear Comrade,'" the tall, straight, bald general said, his voice choked and near breaking. "We shall not say this. In the first place, he will not listen to me. He will continue to fight anyway.
> "In the second place, it is impossible for me without you, Alyosha. You sit inside me and you will stay there. Without you, I do not live. Therefore, do not sleep Alyoshka! Fight Alyoshka!
> "Burn all the abominable meanness with which they want to keep turning eternally that damned machine against which you fought all your life. We, your friends, will not be far behind you. Freedom will come! Democracy will come!"

Why accept Grigorenko's prediction rather than Michels's, particularly in light of the circumstances under which General Grigorenko's was made? First, *because* of the circumstances contrary to Michels's prediction, after five decades of development and consolidation, the bureaucratic "damned machine" had been unable to prevent Soviet citizens from, in his words, functioning as "thinking being[s]" whom "nature has given . . . a striving for knowledge that is critically evaluating reality, drawing one's own con-

COMING: *a long, hard look at the Republicans — by David Broder, John Osborne, Paul Duke and Paul R. Wieck*

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victions and opinions." Nor was Grigorenko's action an isolated bit of heroics within the Soviet Union; it represented a growing tendency among Soviet intellectuals, artists and scientists.

Secondly, Grigorenko's action was part of a worldwide pattern – Czech progressives against Stalinist party dogmatists; Senator McCarthy, relatively unknown and without power, leading a "Children's Crusade" against the "unbeatable" incumbent President Johnson; Columbia students against immovable President Kirk; French students against centralized educational hierarchy.

The Weber-Michels school postulated that modern societies must be dominated by oligarchic, centralized bureaucracies. But 1968 showed that the fatal weakness of modern bureaucracies is precisely their inability to satisfy humanist needs.

Henry Kissinger is not likely to be characterized as a self-deluded, visionary Utopian. His paper in the Brookings Institution book, *Agenda for the Nation* (December, 1968) published to guide the new Presidential Administration taking power in 1969, makes the point that:

> "The modern bureaucratic state, for all its panoply of strength, often finds itself shaken to its foundations by seemingly trivial causes. Its brittleness and the worldwide revolution of youth – especially in advanced countries and among the relatively affluent – suggest a spiritual void, an almost metaphysical boredom with a political environment that increasingly emphasizes bureaucratic challenges and is dedicated to no deeper purpose than material comfort."

To appreciate the prophetic quality of Grigorenko's "heroic act" (and to recognize its lineal descent from Luther's "heroic act" of 1517 when he nailed his Ninety-five Theses to the door of the court church at Wittenberg), we need to shift from an empirical to a theoretical level of discussion. My basic proposition is this: by its very nature, modernization functions as a revolutionary process that strongly tends to develop forms of social organization capable of realizing the humanist principle of self-determination. Although centralized bureaucracies tend to increase with institutional size and complexity, at a certain point in the modernizing process and at a certain stage of the communications revolution, the tendency reaches its peak and begins to decline. 1968 suggests that this point has already been reached in many societies and in many institutions. It suggests the validity of what, only semi-facetiously, might be called the domino theory of falling bureaucratic or authoritarian institutions. In a modernizing world increasingly connected by a global communication network, the fall of one bureaucratic or authoritarian institution tends to release energies that then bring about the fall of similar institutions. The affected institutions need not be geographically contiguous, nor of the same type, nor at the same level of bureaucratic unresponsiveness or authoritarianism. Thus, the Czech progressives *visibly* toppled Novotny in January and thereby stimulated student and faculty participation in the McCarthy-led "crusade" against the Johnson Administration; the McCarthy crusade visibly scored a stunning victory in March by forcing Johnson's abdication, and in turn, lent fuel to the Columbia revolt in April, that helped to spark the French student uprising in May, that. . . .

Defeats can and do occur to brake momentum and damp down enthusiasm, particularly when ultra-leftists take command and activists let their reach exceed their grasp (the French student leaders who intoxicated themselves with their own rhetoric and confused May 1968 with July 1789). But in the contemporary world the potential sources of anti-bureaucratic and anti-authoritarian revolts are so numerous and so diverse that they cannot all be simultaneously rooted-out. Temporarily contained in August in Czechoslovakia, they burst out in December in Italy and Portugal and in new form in Czechoslovakia (workers joining enthusiastically in the movement previously sparked by students and intellectuals).

I am unable to advance a rigorous and comprehensive theory to explain the unprecedented phenomena of 1968. But it seems possible to suggest three propositions that help us make sense of what we saw last year, as well as support the prediction that the "autonomous revolution" has become irrepressible.

To gain some control over and freedom from brute necessity, men have always been forced to try to act as *homo sapiens, homo faber* – man the thinker, man the maker. But necessity does not necessarily mother successful invention; witness the relatively slow, sporadic, discontinuous, unorganized evolution of science and technology before the modern era. After 1700 in the Western world, however, science became so dynamic and pervasive a social activity, impelled and conducted by so powerful a complex of institutions and processes, that we can now view it as virtually a self-sustaining and self-generating enterprise. Since 1945, moreover, the "international demonstration effect" has produced a worldwide desire to gain the benefits of the Scientific Revolution, particularly the improved material well-being that so visibly accomplished its development in the West. For the first time in history, it has become a matter of "common knowledge" that abundance for all is possible and that men are not *necessarily* doomed to struggle with each other in a zero-sum game in which gains for some inevitably mean losses for others.

Granted the accuracy of those observations, my first proposition is: the accelerating development of science and technology, and its geographic expansion throughout the world, is irreversible. The second

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oposition derives from the first. It is that nations hose people are motivated by the goal of connually raising their level of material well-being must ntinually upgrade their scientific and technological terprises and thus must continually upgrade their edian educational level.

My third proposition derives from the first and second: the higher the level of scientific and technological development, the higher the median level of education, the higher the level of economic development f a nation, then the greater the individual and culture roup (e.g., French Canadians, Afro-Americans) autonomy and the greater the participation of all men all forms of collective decision-making.

an that third proposition be reasonably derived rom the first and second? In a world that daily hows us men's terrible capacity to treat other men humanly, why predict the displacement of competive egoism by humanist altruism?

Ernest Havelock, a leading classicist, offered persuaive answers to those questions in his brilliant exegesis n Aeschylus' *Prometheus Bound*. Writing in 1950, at e beginning of that dreadful decade that led sensiive observers to pen premature epitaphs to ideology, lavelock asserted that the development of contempoary scientific method:

> ". . . has created a definition of the intellect of man more precise and more formidable than man in the past has been willing to entertain. . . . The process of training men in the habits of measurement and calculation and analysis and hypothesis goes on over most of the civilized world, and it is still accelerating. . . . In sum total, the extension of scientific method combines with the literacy of the masses to produce a type of *homo sapiens* specific to this century. . . .
> "Literacy releases certain spiritual energies in man. It confers freedom of occupation and movement upon him. . . . The wine of intellectual activity, diluted but still active, is distilled throughout the entire body politic. Men breathe a freer and larger air. They respect themselves and their neighbors more. The education of the masses, as a kind of by-product of itself, kindles the concept of the preciousness of human life."

Havelock then suggested some subtle interrelationships between the scientific revolution and changes in the administrative structure of Western society.

> "While the banners under which political reform has marched have been emblazoned with the noun 'liberty,' first political and now economic, it would seem on second thought that these political changes reflect rather the underlying revolution wrought by scientific method. . . . Whatever class or group may demand democratic reform, and perhaps attain it by revolution, the form itself is operative only by the services of an increasing number of intelligent people. In fact, the form may be said to be a necessary response to the multiplication of procedures which are technological and complex and exact, whether in science or industry or the multitude of professions which have to use the results of science. These cannot be operated by the illiterate, *and they require a type of intelligence which within its own job is independent*" [emphasis added].

Following Havelock, my third proposition can be extended and clarified. The more intellectually demanding the job, the more forceful the jobholder's demand for personal autonomy. The greater the proportion of intellectually demanding jobs and jobholders in a nation, the more forceful the demand that *all men enjoy personal and group autonomy.*

What justifies the great qualitative transformation represented by those two sentences, that is, the leap from egoistic individualism into altruism? Here I follow Havelock's use of the myth of Prometheus as a parable for modern man which interprets altruism "as a close relation of science."

Havelock emphasizes that Pro-metheus means the "Forethinker" in Greek. The "Forethinker" is portrayed by Aeschylus as a lesser god who, because he was a "philanthropist," or "lover of man," stole fire from heaven and thereby released men from primitive bondage to the natural environment. By making philanthropy an integral part of the Forethinker's character, Aeschylus dramatized the "inner connection between intellectual foresight on the one hand, and philanthropic action on the other."

> " 'Forethought' . . . is what it is because it represents the ability to visualize the end beyond the end beyond the end. It is always shaping and then reshaping the means to embrace an objective which becomes wider and wider. . . . If man cares to prethink far enough, his forethought becomes increasingly moral and philanthropic in its direction. Man cannot prethink evil, but only good.
> "This quality of intellectual prevision is close kin to the scientific imagination, and it needs the patience, the precision and the analysis of science to accomplish the stages of forethought; it calls for the discipline of measurements and a large dose of experimental courage. Philanthropy may commonly be regarded as the motive which causes forethought 'on behalf of' others, but in a more profound sense, it is really the product created by forethinking."

If one grants Havelock's argument, and also grants that the development of science and technology is a (perhaps *the*) most critical determinant of modernity and affluence, it follows that, *in time*, the more mod-

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ern and affluent the nation, the greater the forethought, philanthropy and, *therefore*, autonomy its people will exhibit and enjoy.

Still, abstract principles and value systems are not self-realizing. To bring them to life, real-life men must articulate them and fight sustained battles on their behalf. Which social group or groups have the capacity to do that?

Karl Marx, in observing how the Industrial Revolution had developed by the mid-nineteenth century, identified the working-class, "the proletariat," as the main social group that would produce the New Prometheans. However accurate Marx's proposition was for the late 19th and early 20th centuries – and I think more can be said for it than some recent critics grant – Marx erred when he assumed that the same social group would continue to play this role until a genuinely humanist society was achieved. The proletariat is not the main social group likely to produce the New Prometheans of the 1970's and 1980's. (The proletariat, of course, can be defined so inclusively and so "Un-Marxianly" as to render the concept worse than useless. To do this, one artificially links together in close communion social groups radically different in consciousness, life styles and direct interests. Nobel Prize-winning theoretical physicists, like unskilled workers on the Ford assembly line, do not "own the means of production." But to view both types of "workers" as members of "the proletariat," as some New Leftists do, is to caricature Marx and forfeit claims to attention on any subject.)

My answer to the question, "Who are likely to be the new Prometheans?", derives from the three propositions advanced above. Given the increasingly critical role played by colleges and universities in modernized and modernizing nations, given the growing size and power of the "non-academic intellectual class" that develops as a result of the increasing size and power of the "academic class," the social groups that now constitute the vanguard of the permanent worldwide revolt for autonomy can be identified as the academic-scientist-intellectual complex. Undergraduate and graduate students – particularly those from middle- and upper-income families, for whom education has less of a "making it" character – probably are the most activist, unflagging, "purist" component of this complex. But because university (broadly defined) students constitute a short-lived, physically and psychically mobile generation group who play a relatively large number of social roles in a relatively short time, they are unlikely to formulate the basic ideas, or create and sustain the organizations required to translate the *desire* for autonomy into the *achievement* of autonomy.

The delusion that conflicts against bureaucratic or authoritarian organizations can be won without counter-organizations that have some rational structure and differentiated set of roles dies hard; hopefully, it w tend to disappear when thoughtful activists in the U take time to study the "lessons of 1968." The diffu movement that made Senator McCarthy its symb can serve as a classic example. It permanently chang the structure of American politics by demonstrati that participatory democracy *could* change the dire tion of American governmental policy. Tens of thou sands of students (and non-students) passionately r sponded to the opportunity it provided them to hel shape political decisions. But the McCarthy moveme failed to realize its full potential, because it failed t develop an organizational structure capable of pe mitting citizens to do their own thing *effectively*. vividly illustrated the tendency among contempora rebels to rely on "anarchic spontaneity." It also dem onstrated the necessity to overcome that tendency one wants to engage in serious politics.

And it can be overcome. Thus, when young Czech came to West Berlin recently to discuss mutual prob lems with students of the Free University, the corr spondent of the *Christian Science Monitor* reporte that their "tone and style were very different from thos of radical Berlin activist students. They were reserve careful, mannerly." Sharp ideological differences quick ly manifested themselves, the West Berliners taking a ultra-leftist line. One Czech girl responded: "You'r only interested in playing with theories. We've had 2 years of trying to deal with those theories in prac tice." Another said:

> "We are the vanguard of the progressive movement [in Czechoslovakia]. . . . We can express the feelings and opinions of the whole people because we are young and freer than most. The rest of the population supports us, and we feel a great responsibility to them."

Particularly in countries such as the United States where academic freedom is strongly rooted, where th "knowledge industry" is the fastest growing segmen of the economy, where the material and social statu of professors continue to rise, it is the "professoriate," I believe, who will form the vanguard of the move ment for autonomy. Students, because they posses youthful energy and idealism relatively uncorrupte by experience and unconstrained by responsibility probably will keep things "stirred up." The most im portant "gadfly" role of students, judging from my own and my friends' experience, however, will be t serve as models of altruism in action. I anticipate that by their example, they will prod into socially respon sible action other components of the academic-scien tist-intellectual complex, particularly the professoriate, who have for many reasons, good and bad, concentrated heretofore on their "own work" to the neglect of "burning problems" of the larger society.

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Stanley Kauffmann on films

Greetings and Groans

Twenty years ago *Greetings* might have been called bright undergraduate humor, which would have been a compliment, but twenty years ago nothing about it could have existed. Not just the topical digs but the style and the very fact that it's a film. I'm glad it does exist because for the most part it's funny.

After seeing approximately 100,000 underground, independent, and student films that aim at satire and miss, it's pure pleasure to see one that succeeds most of the way and that also justifies its "now" film approach. (Partly by satirizing *that*, too.) *Greetings* – and the title will be recognized by far too many as the first word of the draft-induction notice – is about three young New Yorkers, two of whom come up for induction and all of whom are far out. The story wheels free, winging through such subjects as how to con the draft board, computer dating, porno movies, crackpot solutions to President Kennedy's assassination, and come-as-you-are sex. The big difference between this film and the endless others that flit around such subjects is that Charles Hirsch and Brian De Palma, the scriptwriters, really have wit. They don't assume that they are equipped to write satire simply because they are young, loathe the Vietnam War, like sex, and know some girls who will take off their clothes in front of a camera. More: unlike Robert Downey who is fairly funny on paper (*Chafed Elbows*), De Palma, who directed, knows something about comic timing – of actors, camera movement, and editing. Considering that he must have worked on a beggarly budget, he gets pretty good results with his color, too.

Greetings is truly and truthfully youthful. *Joanna* is a surfboard slide over some of the Newest Waves, devoid of personality or credible intent. The script of *Candy* by Buck Henry looks like Henry's attempt to satisfy a producer's idea of mod and yet not lose face with his own swinging friends. *Greetings* is just the work of young people being young, responding acutely but unsententiously to contemporary artistic and social stimuli; not using that response as sole justification, yet insisting on it as the primary reason for the film's being. One of the picture's appeals is the way its air of improvisation conceals its design. Note, for instance, how the scene in the bookshop with the assassination-nut leads to the shoplifting girl, which leads to the sequence in which she poses for home movies, which leads to the sequence in which the Vietcong girl poses for the TV camera.

Greetings
(Sigma III)
The Night They Raided Minsky's
(United Artists)
Oliver!
(Columbia)
The Killing of Sister George
(Cinerama)

And then look – or, rather, don't bother to look – at *The Night They Raided Minsky's*, directed by William Friedkin, who also did *The Birthday Party*. What a gushing of flash-cuts, in-and-out zooms, and *verismo*, all lavishly applied without one hint of overall design. The story is about a Pennsylvania Amish girl who comes to New York's lower East Side in 1925 and in one day gets a job as a dancer in a burlesque theatre, loses her virginity, invents striptease, and finds a true lover. This hokum might have made a good sentimental-sardonic picture if it had been done in an appropriate manner; but Friedkin has bombarded it with inappropriate techniques – a melange of fake-documentary, classy TV, and traces of Richard Lester. What was the point of those carefully reproduced snatches of ghetto life in this careless nonsensical backstage romance? Both here and in *The Birthday Party*, there is no evidence that Friedkin ever decides on his attitude toward his material. The only evidence is of his Friedkin-furthering, in the current university-trained, art-scavenging, showbiz vein.

As the good-guy comic, Norman Wisdom tugs at our hearts with leaden mittens. As the bad-guy comic, Jason Robards is somewhat better because a seedy hotel room seems to be his natural habitat. The girl is named Britt Ekland. The best things in the picture are the bits of old burlesque comic routines, but none of them is complete. The worst thing is that the late Bert Lahr makes his last appearance in this botch. What a rotten trick of fate on a wonderful clown.

Oliver! – yes, another one of those idiotic titular exclamation marks – is a quite conventional musical, quite conventionally made, but at least Carol Reed has made it competently. Which could not be said of his last film, *The Agony and the Ecstasy*. I spent four days on the set of the latter in Rome and was quite uncomfortable at the almost open derision of the top technicians and crew chiefs for the way Reed was bungling his job. It was sad to see the director of *Night Train* and *The Fallen Idol* and *The Third Man* being made the butt of covert (though professionally justified) jokes. Some said he was in poor health, but then he must also have been in poor health for his previous pictures, *Trapeze*, *The Key*, *Our Man in Havana*, and *The Running Man*.

If Reed was ill, he seems to have recovered partially. *Oliver!* is not worth much, but at least the direction is not disgraceful. Reed never solves the essential problem for musicals – how to handle the moment when song enters what has been a perfectly realistic scene – and some of the staging is very corny, like a chorus number in a tavern; but there is a general smoothness, and the street-vendors' number almost approaches the lyrical.

The original stage musical was a mediocre business at best, but the warping of *Oliver Twist* was acceptable there because we all knew that the widespread novel had to be reshaped to pass through the bottleneck of the stage. Sean Kenny's turning and folding sets heightened the sense of an ingenious simplification of complexities. But on film, which is formally much more adaptable to novels than the theatre is, *Oliver!* seems more adulteration than adaptation.

One thing is constant: the music is just as banal here as it was in the theatre. Also, Lionel Bart's songs rarely try for period feelings. ("Food, Glorious Food" is an exception.) Generally they try to serve two purposes: to fit the situation in the show and to be

(Continued on page 34)

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Books and the Arts

When the Lights Go Out

by Joseph Epstein

Bertolt Brecht once defined a refugee as "a messenger of ill tidings." Miss Arendt is one of the most brilliant of an extraordinary group of intellectuals who came to maturity in Weimar Germany, and since her arrival in America in 1941, after fleeing Hitler by way of France, she has given us very little good news. In *The Origins of Totalitarianism*, she revealed new dimensions of the cruelty of which men are capable, and along the way showed that

Men in Dark Times
by Hannah Arendt
(Harcourt, Brace & World; $5.95)

there are punishments worse than death. In *Eichmann in Jerusalem*, she persuasively described the commonplace form evil can take, and in thus draining the subject of much of its mystification brought it closer home. Although most of Miss Arendt's tidings have been ill, who would argue that they have not for the most part also been urgent, even, in certain respects, indispensable?

If *Men in Dark Times*, a collection of essays written over the past twelve years, does not mark any striking change in Miss Arendt's general outlook, it does exhibit still another of this remarkable woman's wide-ranging intellectual repertoire: a talent for intellectual biography. It is brilliantly displayed here in essays on Gotthold Ephraim Lessing, Karl Jaspers, and Pope John XXIII, on Rosa Luxemburg, Isak Dinesen, and Hermann Broch, on Walter Benjamin, Bertolt Brecht, Waldemar Gurian, and Randall Jarrell. Her depiction of Adolph Eichmann was exemplary of her method, which is to demonstrate how a man's character is forged by his natural endowments and inclinations rubbing against the pressure of events and ideas in his life. The result is a portrait of a man's mind and, by extension, of the world that formed it. *Men in Dark Times* is different from her earlier work in that she is writing about people whom she admires. They give her an opportunity to show sympathy, generosity, humane understanding – attributes that have not been prominent features of her previous works. The overall effect is to soften the hard edges of her intellect, to wed depth of feeling to elegance of analysis, and finally to transform a philosopher who happens to write, into that more impressive entity, a writer of philosophical power.

In her preface to *Men in Dark Times*, Miss Arendt says: "That even in the darkest of times we have the right to expect some illumination, and that such illumination may well come less from theories and concepts than from the uncertain flickering, and often weak light that some men and women, in their lives and works, will kindle under almost all circumstances and shed over the time span given them on earth – this conviction is the inarticulate background against which these profiles were drawn."

What is meant by "dark times"? It is not easy to say, for what causes the darkness is in part the very indescribability of our condition. That condition is one of endemic discontent with both private and public life – "the light of the public," Heidegger noted, "darkens everything" – in which men's best efforts to date seem to amount to no more than poking around in the shadows for a way out. Karl Jaspers, the subject of two of Miss Arendt's essays, has described us as living suspended in a historical period which is no-longer but not-yet. There is no going back to what once was, yet what lies ahead is not very hopeful. This has not been felt acutely in America until fairly recently, but in Europe and especially among a small group of Central European intellectuals there has for decades been a strong feeling that the game was up. As long ago as 1931, Walter Benjamin, another subject of the book, described his own position as "like one who keeps afloat on a shipwreck by climbing to the top of a mast that is already crumbling."

Miss Arendt rightly disclaims any single theme, disdaining as well any "representative" quality for the men and women she has chosen to write about. Yet, each lived at a time when the lights went out – and this includes Lessing, the master polemicist in the German language, who, though a figure of the 18th century, is treated as a contemporary. But if darkness unites an otherwise strange assortment of characters, what distinguishes them is the manner in which each, in his or her own special way, sought the light.

Few among them succeeded in finding it. The majority were at best able to hold the darkness at bay, others succumbed to it, and still others were finally destroyed by it. Their comparative success or failure serves neither to enlarge nor diminish them in Miss Arendt's view. Her two most ambitious essays are on Brecht, who out of compassion for others forfeited his poetic talent toward the close of his life by putting it to coarse propagandistic uses, and on Walter Benjamin, a literary man with an astonishing ability for writing critically while thinking poetically, and who ended, in 1940, by taking his life. Miss Arendt's thesis in the Brecht essay is that the gods of poetry avenge a poet's real sins; the Benjamin essay is an inquiry into the nature of posthumous fame and an incisive explanation of Benjamin's unclassifiable genius. But the pall of darkness is spread over both essays, as it was spread over both lives, and after reading these eloquent studies one wonders what Brecht and Benjamin might have become had they lived in a more placid age.

Desolation does not, however, fog all the lives considered in *Men in Dark Times*. John XXIII cut through the perplexity and ignominy of his age with a daring simplicity, achieved by dint of supreme humility and an unflinching faith. Isak Dinesen, whose maxim in her later years was "God loves a joke," found refuge from disasters in the craft of storytelling. Karl Jaspers, Miss Arendt's mentor, has kept his poise, and with it his intellectual resonance; though political catastrophe may have driven him into isolation, he "could not be driven into solitude." An odd

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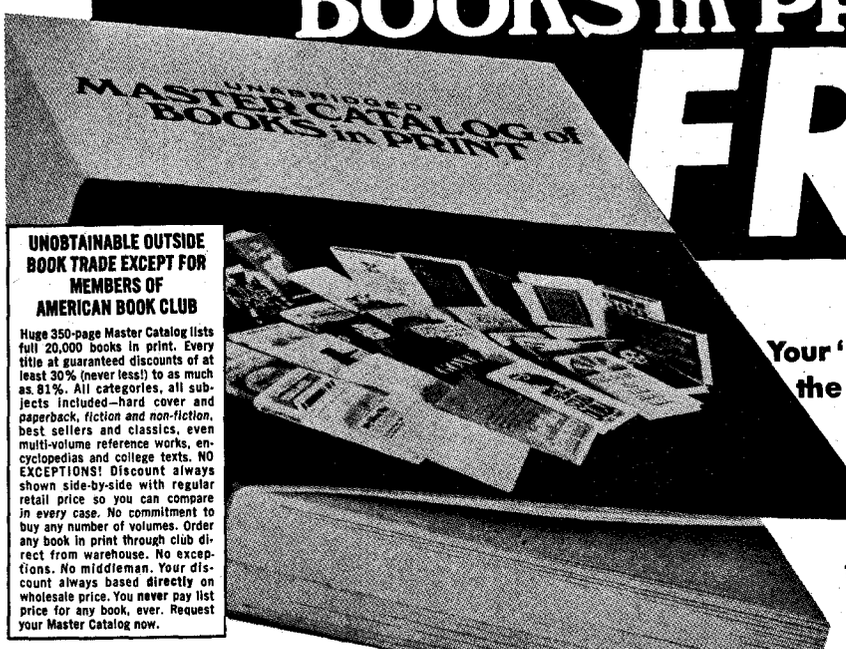

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case is that of Hermann Broch, the Austrian novelist and philosopher. He started out believing that it is a man's imperative mission to answer other men's claims to receive help, a belief he backed up with good works throughout his life. But good works alone were not sufficient for Broch, who went on to devote years of his creative life to proving this belief, by constructing the most elaborate epistemological and logical structure imaginable. Rosa Luxemburg is redeemed for Miss Arendt by caring more for reality than revolution, more for men than justice. Lessing is extolled for his conviction that no truth, no matter what its grandeur, is worth support at the cost of a single human friendship.

Friendship, responsibility, altruism, a hunger for reality, allegiance to the demands of one's craft – these are the virtues Miss Arendt most admires. Her essays on Randall Jarrell and on the political scientist Waldemar Gurian further testify to this. Both were friends of hers. The pieces about them are briefer, more personal, more feminine than any of the others. Miss Arendt admires Jarrell for having gone through life with nothing "to protect him but his splendid laughter, and the immense naked courage behind it." She salutes Gurian – a large, gentle man, and a refugee like herself – for having "achieved what we all must: he had established his home in this world and he had made himself at home on this earth through friendship."

Despite the gloom and despair, there is a deeply hopeful quality about *Men in Dark Times*. Miss Arendt has invested dignity into each of the lives she has touched on, and in doing so has reinforced the truth of an aphorism of the French philosopher Alain. "The slap in the face," he wrote, "takes the form of the man who receives it, not the one who gives it."

"IN THEIR ZEAL *to dethrone revealed religion as base superstition and to substitute for it the goddess Reason, the* philosophes *sometimes went to outrageous lengths, denouncing Jews with such vile slanders that they shocked the sensibilities of Christians of the time. Simultaneously they were building their own monument for posterity, to be remembered for their 'tolerance; (these most intolerant of men).'"*

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The Law of Latching On

by Mary Ellman

Up from the Pedestal is a collection of the least popular readings in all the world: arguments for the equality of women. This is the fault, not of the writers, but of the truth. Those arrangements, however false, which suit those who hold the power to change them, are very slowly changed. So the truth seems to run on, the same obvious arguments (*blacks are equal to whites, women are equal to men*) are made again and again – and just claims become tedious long before they are met.

Up from the Pedestal
Aileen S. Kraditor, Editor
(Quadrangle; $8.95)

Open Letter to Men
Francoise Parturier
(Heineman; $2.25 paperback)

Of all such claims, women's are the most vulnerable to gross rebuttal. Self-assertion is considered appropriate to virility. Even when a man asserts himself too much, he is obnoxious rather than unmanly. But the *argumentum ad feminam:* the woman who talks about Women is barren or frigid or mulierose. The relative silence of women now, at least on the topic of themselves, is an effect of this Freudian backlash. At a time when sex was less pious, when it was proper to disguise rather than exalt one's fervid receptivity, Elizabeth Cady Stanton and Antoinette Brown Blackwell were not embarrassed to pound their points into large audiences. The six little Blackwells having grown self-sufficient, A. B. Blackwell clumped up onto the stage and denounced housework with a splendid effrontery – sadly diminished now by self-consciousness.

These are the liveliest impressions of the present book; boldness and loudness. Even if none of the customs and laws they attack had ever been changed, the writers would have borne witness to the botch. Beyond their courage, though, they are not remarkable. The collection opens with a rather neat trick – Anne Bradstreet pleads in verse to be allowed to write verse. And occasionally, in mockery of their "sphere," the women strike off phrases. Judith Sargent Stevens Murray ("Constantia") despises the "mechanism of a pudding," and Lucy Ston loathes "working little cats on wor sted, and little dogs on puncture paper." Margaret Fuller is reliably as tral – proposing a "celibacy of th spirit" which must (somehow) abid even in the pregnant or lactating body and comparing the ideal woman to th "well-instructed moon" which sails th universe in cool oblivion of the sun (And then she drowned off Fire Is land, of all places, with a baby and a husband.)

The interest of the pieces is mainly historical, an exercise in the enigmatics of change. Obviously, improvements have been made in the condition of American women, and these essays ought to explain how such improvements are brought about. But again, women are eccentric. A book can furnish only ideas, whereas women (among all malcontents) have been singularly mollified by physical rather than intellectual reforms. The right to go to college is less important than, and perhaps obscurely dependent upon, the existence of Kotex. And of artificial nipples on baby bottles. Glory too to those who at last, long ago, persuaded doctors to wash their filthy hands between the dissection of corpses and the delivery of babies. One must, first of all, stay alive to demand political and legal rights; and the longevity of wives, now so invidiously marked, was a result of soap, not of argument. One must also have *leisure* time to make demands. As the book's editor, Aileen Kraditor, points out, the feminist movement has always been white and middle-class. The exploitation of Irish maids in the late 19th century left other and more fortunate women free to protest their own exploitation.

Once out the door, though, women did argue furiously, and their utterances are characterized by Miss Kraditor as a repeated swinging between general and specific principles. An example of the first: no "candidate for immortality," even a female candidate, should be denied moral independence. Such sublimities would not fill a hall now, but in their time may well, as the evening wore on, have exhausted the opposition. The second demanded immediate rights: to shorten skirts, to enter professions, to vote. Achievements in this area were definite: small,

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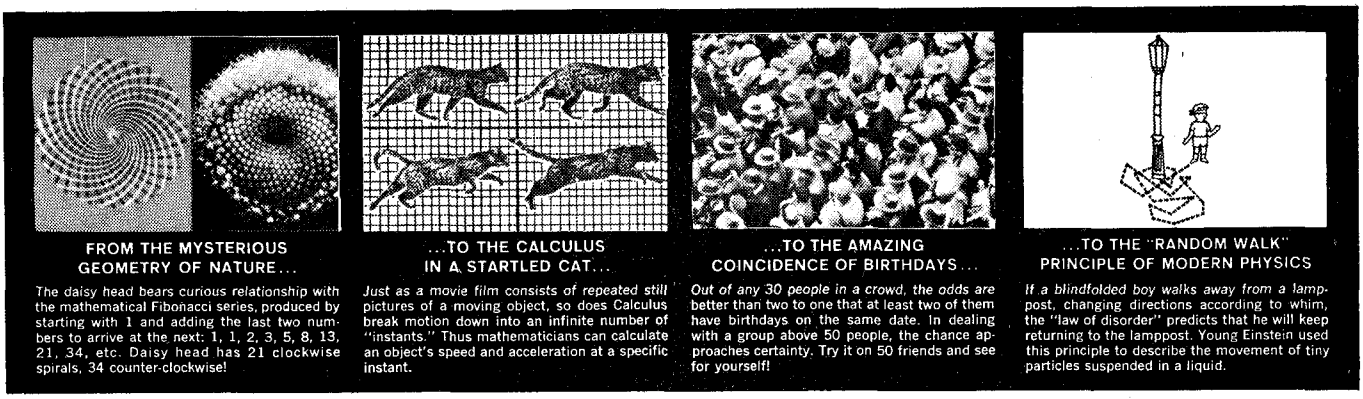

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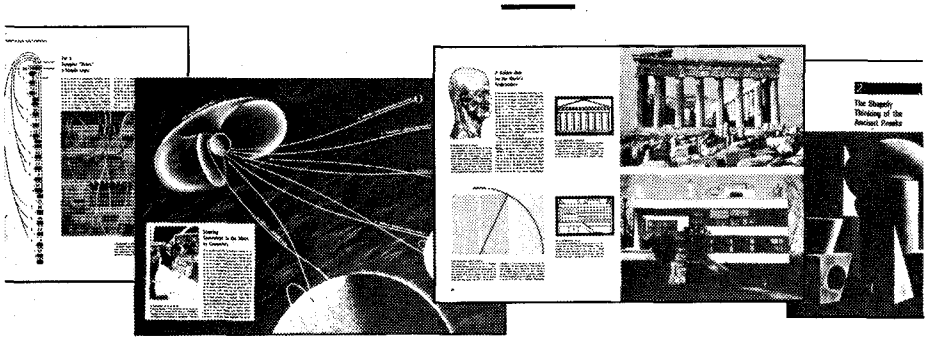

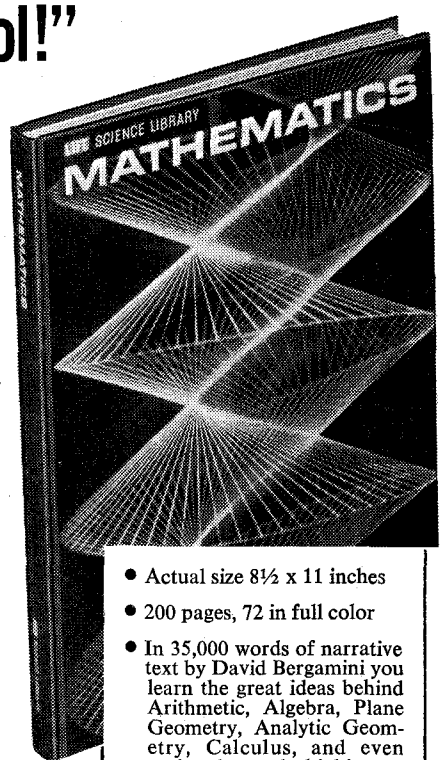

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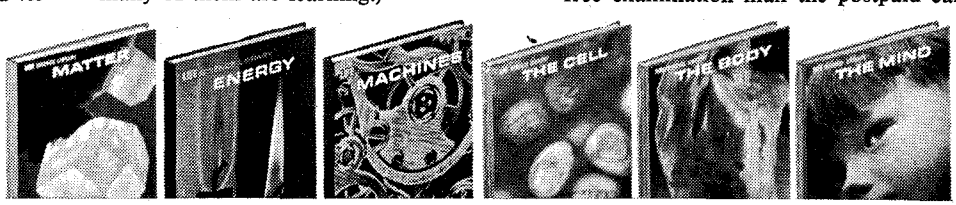

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disparate equalities picked, like lint, off the bulk of distinction.

But the necessity always to attach Women to other causes is disconcerting. Their hold on the private imagination seems to preclude their having any real place in the public mind. Feminism demonstrates, perhaps only for itself, the social Law of Latching On. When men were religious, the women's arguments had to be religious. When men were keen on science, the women cited Darwin. When "foreigners" (foreign-born citizens) entered politics, WASP women offered to outvote them. But, in fact, it was postwar disgust with the entire past which incidentally yielded the vote to American women in 1920, to Frenchwomen only in 1944.

The most persistent attachment, however, has been to the Negro. The rights of slaves and women were inseparable ideals before the Civil War, and the South was indefatigably jealous of both properties. Oberlin was the first men's college to admit women – and Negroes, at the same time. Even under the 1964 Civil Rights Act, the word *sex* having barely squidged in beside *race*, most cases brought to court have involved discrimination against black women. And the still drastic need for communal child care in this country *begins* to be met among the black poor. I daresay Huey Newton could not care less for white female troubles, and the first militant outrage is always the deprivation of *masculine* blackness. Nonetheless, the outs seem to come in together, when they come in at all.

In commenting on her material, Miss Kraditor is ordered and distant as well as committed. I find her formality more agreeable than Francoise Parturier's fertility. An *Open Letter to Men* is, in fact, a dialogue between *one* man and the author, who is a French journalist and novelist (*The Five Day Lover, The Prudence of Flesh*). And not exactly a dialogue, at that. Mlle. Parturier reverses our current dramatic taste for speechless, naked, ravished women and garrulous men. *Her* Man has very little, and she has a great deal, to say. His chief function is to excuse disconnections – that is, if his remarks are scattered, her responsive incoherence is blameless. So the discussion slaps at a variety of mosquitoes (Sade, Nietzsche, Freud, the Catholic Church), often disposing of them skillfully, but always accumulating ef-

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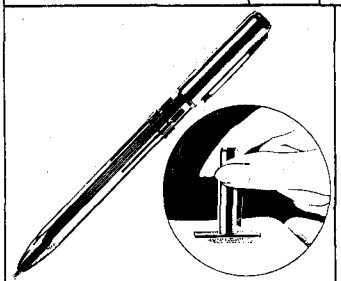

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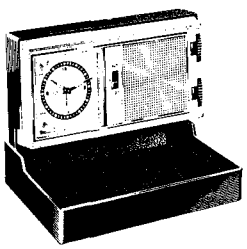

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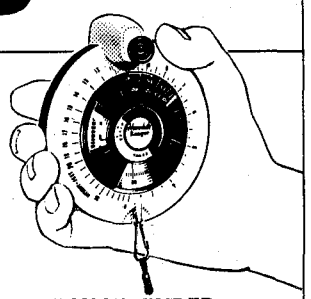

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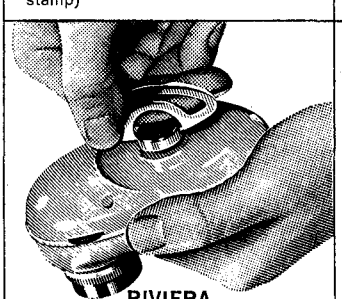

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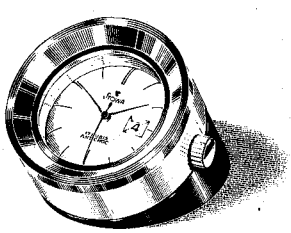

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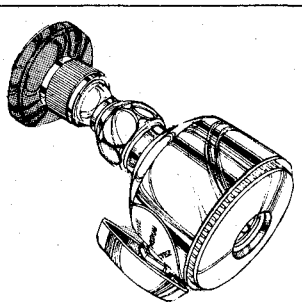

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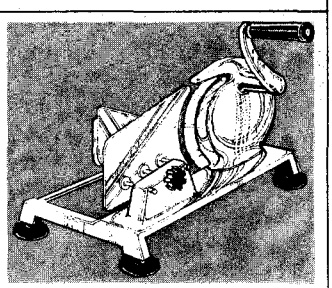

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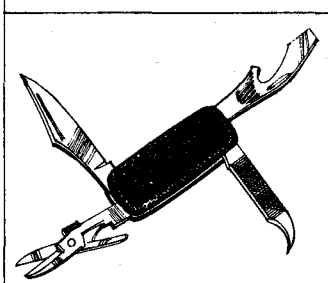

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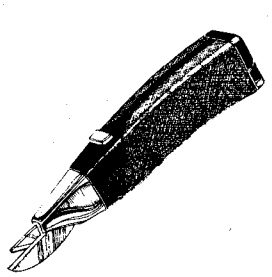

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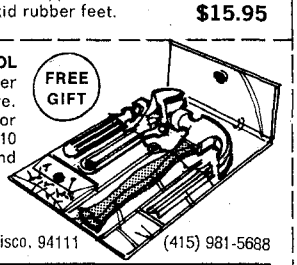

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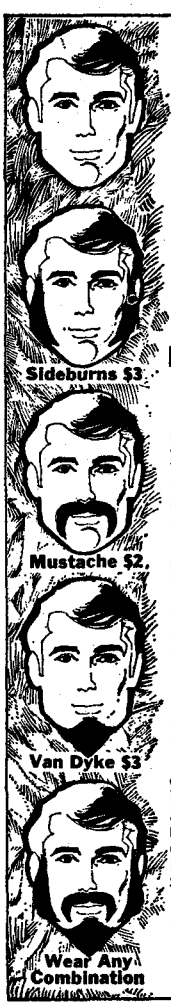

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fects of impatience and abuse. These consort oddly with complaints of being loved by modern men, and with hopes of some future, benign, supersexual "spirituality." One arrives again, really, at Margaret Fuller's "celibacy of the spirit" – now by way of the Pill.

It is hard to swallow this contraceptive optimism: women seem likely to continue to marry and, once married, to reproduce. A ton of pills then will not cure the intrinsic vacuity of housework and baby care. It seems more sensible to expect, with Aileen Kraditor, that the structure of private family life – the unnerving duplication from door to door of one wife, one stove, two children, and four sets of dirty underwear – will have to change. Early New England ministers were fond of references to those swarming pagan packs of sensuality out of which Christianity plucked women to be private wives. A small thing, then, to be drudging and stay-at-home in exchange for owning one's very own husband. It did not do in 1837, and scarcely does yet, to raise the practical and companionship side-effects of polygamy. At least legal and ostensible monogamy is unquestioned, and revisions seem more likely in the relation of mothers to children than in the relation of wives to husbands. And these revisions will acknowledge the social waste of women rather than their personal desperation. The law of Latching On will operate again: there just won't be enough men to transport all our weaponry to Venus.

The Roethke Puzzle

by Robert Boyers

One thing was obvious before reading the official biography of Theodore Roethke: it would not be a pleasant book. Mr. Seager has not in this respect disappointed us, though Roethke emerges as somewhat more attractive than he did from the Selected Letters published not many months ago. It is difficult to know whether this is attributable to the late Seager's frank partisanship, his undeniable identification with a great many features of Roethke's life. Letters can be very misleading, and a biographer must retain a degree of skepticism about a poet's claim to understand and speak frankly of himself. When the subject is a man as complex and disturbed as Roethke, the skepticism must extend even to those flat assertions of fact that in most men we take for granted as the truth.

The Glass House:
The Life of Theodore Roethke
by Allan Seager
(McGraw-Hill; $7.95)

Theodore Roethke, certainly a major American poet, was to an almost unbelievable degree a liar and a boor, and though his biographer is endlessly attentive to the roots of the poet's personality in childhood and adolescent trauma, it is as difficult to countenance the man we meet in Seager's pages, as it is unsettling to imagine an evening spent in his company. While it may be consoling to some readers that Roethke was a friend of Kenneth Burke, or of Stanley Kunitz, it is unlikely that anyone will ever quite dispel the image of Roethke outrageously insulting his host Edmund Wilson at a party, seizing Wilson's cheek and crying "Why, you're all blubber." There is something disgusting about such a display, and Roethke's letters contain innumerable verbal variants of the same aggression, crude references to his fellow poets and to those who had tried to help him in one way or another. A very sick man Roethke undoubtedly was, as attested by his many breakdowns and confinement in a variety of mental institutions. Why he should have continued to be as prone to relapse as he evidently was Seager cannot tell us, nor are the poems themselves sufficient to explain what it was that Roethke could not escape. We have yet to learn precisely what Roethke saw in that slime and *dreck* he feared and courted, and that gripped him so perpetually in its embrace.

Seager dwells perhaps excessively on Roethke's relationship to his father, the greenhouse keeper the poet has written so beautifully about in a number of works including "My Pappa's Waltz" and "Otto." He was apparently an enigma to the son. The greenhouse world of his childhood provided

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Roethke with the raw materials to break into a poetic voice and universe of his own. But the father is a good deal less evident in the poems than one would expect, given Seager's persistent emphasis. Though the book shows that Roethke as an adolescent thought and wrote of his father, and often discussed him with friends in later years, one wonders whether the extent of the father's influence in Roethke's work, was as great as Seager implies.

What one misses more than anything else in this biography is a sense of how the poems related to Roethke's life. Seager's is not, strictly speaking, a critical biography but a narrative exposition of a life. As such it is modestly successful, but less than we hoped for. It was not an easy job, of course. Roethke was not in any genuine sense a public man. He received the obligatory honorary degrees and awards, and played department politics in the various colleges and universities where he taught, but the maneuvers were on a small scale. He was, despite his burly appearance, a small, petty man, with narrow interests and ridiculous projects always at hand. What, after all, is a biographer to make of his subject's letter-writing campaigns to see to it that his latest book is properly plugged in the appropriate journals and book reviews? All he can do is report such things, and suggest the degree to which they are characteristic of the poet.

One would never know from this biography that the fifties were a time of great crisis and turmoil for many American intellectuals, many of whom were directly threatened by McCartheyite crusades extending even into some of those institutions at which Roethke taught. One cannot blame Seager for the absence of such documentation, for it would be irrelevant to his direct treatment of Roethke, who could remain aloof from such matters. God knows, he had enough to worry about without getting involved in politics. And yet, surely the poetry will suffer in the estimation of posterity, as it suffers in our estimation, for its almost total dissociation from the currents of its time, for its failure to evoke the tone and tensions of its historical moment, even implicitly. And Seager's biography is afflicted correspondingly by a certain parochial narrowness.

There are other problems in this book. Readers are justified in asking, for example, whether Seager was sufficiently equipped to discuss the poetic influences over which Roethke worried so often in his letters. Throughout his career, even when his success as an artist had become indisputably confirmed, Roethke wondered about the echoes of Yeats, Whitman, and others in his work. And perhaps he did not wonder enough about his obligation to poets like Stevens and Eliot, both of whom he disparaged as often and as vigorously as he could. Such matters are within the domain of a major biography. Seager does not deal with them in more than glancing references. Because of this omission and others, Seager fails to establish vital connections between Roethke's professional and personal hangups, and is unable to understand why his reputation was so long in developing, especially if compared to the rise of Robert Lowell during the same period.

One has the sense that important information, not minor detail, is being withheld. The poet James Dickey, who knew Seager before his untimely death earlier this year, complains bitterly in a recent issue of *The Atlantic* about the obstacles Mrs. Roethke set in Seager's path, refusing even to permit him to quote from the Collected Poems. Apparently, Dickey contends, those who had so long labored to protect Roethke from himself and from everyone and everything around him, still do so five years after his death. One can feel only dismay at the vague, bland accounts of Roethke's marriage that Seager provides. Seager writes "But finally, he came to see what she meant to him as a woman, how great his dependence on her was, and hesitantly, even reluctantly perhaps, he admitted her into those labyrinths within himself where his father lived, and he began to love her, not in the same way that he loved his father but with a true love nevertheless. And from this time forward, she participated in his growth, encouraged and supported it." But nowhere does he indicate what the nature of Beatrice Roethke's participation in her husband's development was, just as we never learn what Roethke as he grew older thought of his father. Similarly, Seager tells us virtually nothing we did not already know about the various affairs Roethke had before he married at 45. Many critics have examined the strange ambiguities of Roethke's love poetry, and it might have been useful had Seager been able to explore with reasonable candor Roethke's actual relations with women. Roethke traveled through his life in a great many poses with disguises, and we are only beginning to consider the degree to which the poetry may have functioned more as a mask in his lifelong masquerade, than as a reflection of his genuine sentiments. Such considerations go beyond a concern for the particularities of a single poet's development; they raise fundamental issues about the relation of the work of art to its creator and the truthfulness or "sincerity" of the work.

Yet whatever its deficiencies, Seager's biography will be a crucial document in future attempts to come to terms with Roethke. We have no reason to suppose that Mrs. Roethke will permit a definitive biography to be written in our time, so Seager's book will have to do. Unfortunately, Roethke remains as elusive as ever. Ultimately we feel a

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bit hesitant about trusting Seager as a guide; the biographer seems too anxious to represent his subject, even when Roethke made it difficult for intimates and relations. Perhaps Roethke needs this handling if he is to remain tolerable at all. He does seem more pathetic, if not more real, for me, than he seemed before. I don't know that the book will affect one's reading of Roethke's poetry, but the witnessing of Seager's sympathy for his friend and subject is a moving experience, not easily dismissed.

Kauffmann, *from page 22*

possible pop sellers as well. For example, Oliver's "Where Is Love?" is contrived so that it fits the boy's loneliness for the mother he never saw and can be used elsewhere as a sex song by pop singers.

The cast is pretty bad. Oliver Reed, the Bill Sikes, is soft and silken, as remote from this rough gutter bully as are his weak hands. Shani Wallis, the Nancy, is an uncompelling vocalist, and here she seems to be lost without a band in golden tuxedos behind her. Harry Secombe, the Bumble, is a bumbling ham. Mark Lester, the boy who plays Oliver, reflects none of the skill that Carol Reed has previously shown with children. Sheer treacle, obviously poured by someone just off-camera. Jack Wild, the Artful Dodger, is only a slightly different treacle.

The one good performer is Ron Moody as Fagin, but since I saw Moody play the part in London almost nine years ago and since he seems not to have altered his performance by a hair, Reed can be given little credit here. Besides, theatrically effective though this Fagin certainly is, it's peculiar. He looks Jewish, but he behaves Jewish in only two sequences, the songs "You've Got to Pick a Pocket or Two" and "Reviewing the Situation." For them Moody suddenly uses Yiddish inflections. And he dances with a tremendous, youthful athleticism that has no relation whatsoever to the man he is supposed to be. I'm not comparing this Fagin with Dickens, which would be out of order, only raising a matter of inner consistency.

I suppose there may be a few remote nomads in Turkestan who haven't yet heard of the scene in *The Killing of Sister George* where Coral Browne sucks Susannah York's left nipple. I won't pretend to be blasé about it: it's a startling scene to encounter in an "aboveground" picture. But, like the film's Naughty Language, it's so obvious an attempt to get the picture talked about that I resent talking about it.

Under Robert Aldrich's cheap and clumsy direction, the film is a protracted attempt to cash in on a protracted but dully earnest play about lesbianism. The play was padded, but it had a few cruelties and a bit of pathos, which is about all that homosexuality has been used for so far in our theatre. The fact that the "male" woman was a London actress who made her living by playing a West Country sweetness-and-light visiting nurse in a TV soap opera was an easy irony, good for a laugh the first two or three times round. The fact that the killing of her character in the serial coincided with the seduction of her "mistress" by a BBC lady was equally easy irony. Virtually nothing about a homosexual ménage can be devoid of irony when seen against the pretenses that homosexuals are forced to erect. Surely, in order to be interesting, plays and films about homosexuals have to tell us more than that these people have to lie and that they suffer guilts and insults. (See Genet's novels.) Still Frank Marcus, the author, did get a little realistic grittiness out of his situation.

The scriptwriter, Lukas Heller, has leaped at every blatant opportunity to distend the original. Of course we go to the TV studio, of course we see great chunks of the serial on TV, of course we go to a lesbian nightclub, of course we visit the friendly neighborhood whore. Aldrich has distended Heller's distentions. For instance, when anyone knocks at the front door, there is a two-minute scene of bustle and preparation before the visitor is admitted, with whoop-up music to suit. (The music continually italicizes big moments for us, in case we can't recognize them.)

I had thought that Beryl Reid was good enough as the "male" on Broadway, but now it's clear how much she depended on her excellent fellow-actress, Eileen Atkins. Bereft of Miss Atkins's support, Miss Reid is merely tough most of the time, and her pathos seems spurious. In the Atkins role Susannah York acts principally by making her lower lip tremble. Frankly, I didn't even think much of her left nipple.

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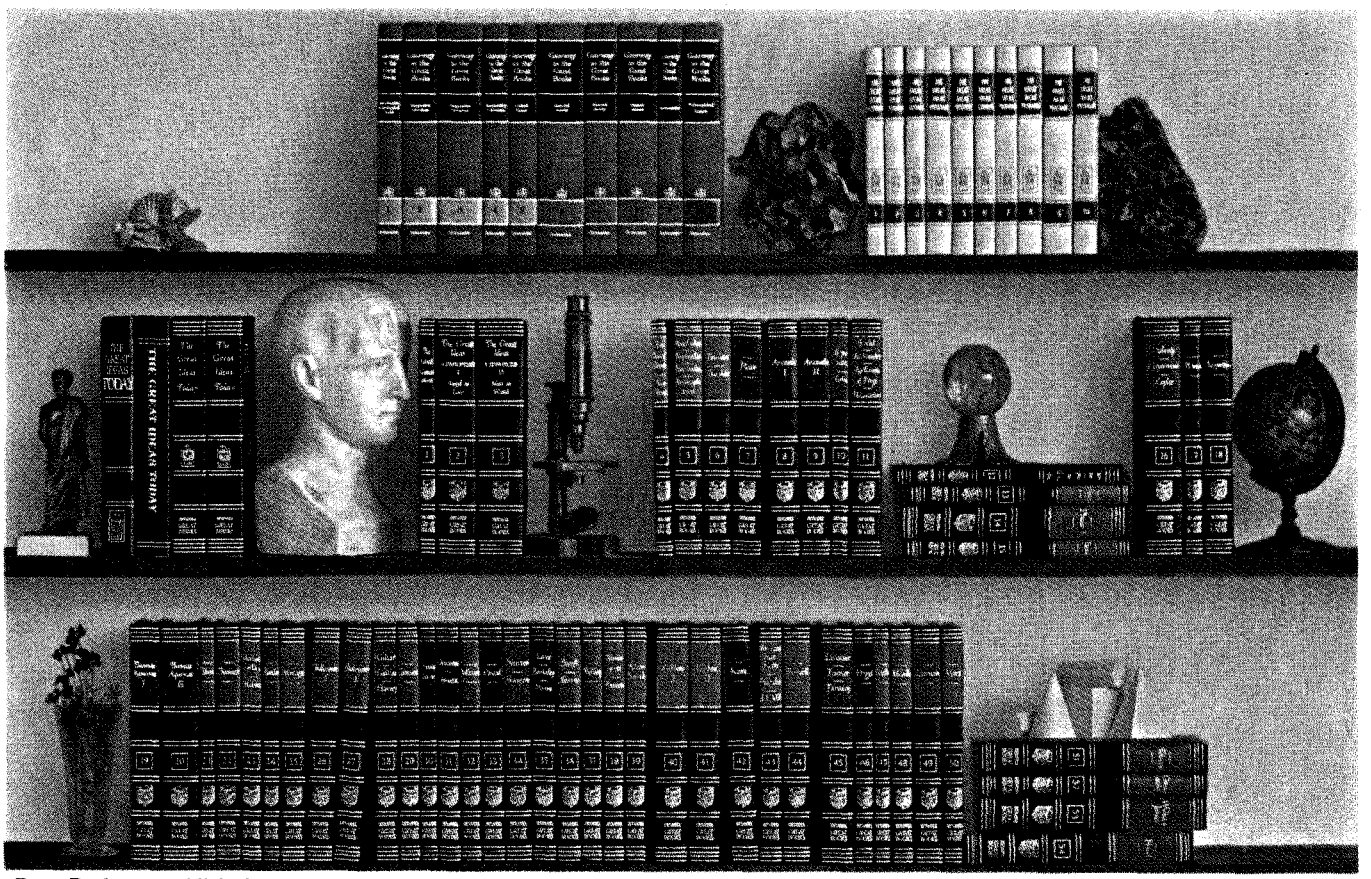

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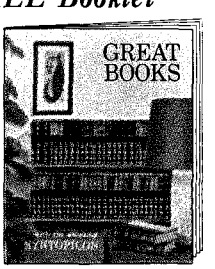

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